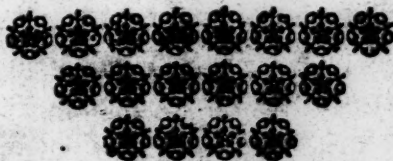


THE
Elder Brother,
A
COMEDY.

*Acted at the Black Friars by
His Majesties Servants.*

Printed according to the true Copy.

Written by John Fletcher Gent.



LONDON:
Printed in the YEAR, 1661.

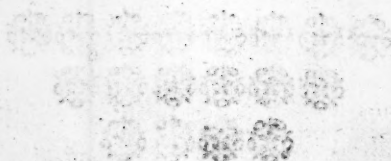
Elder Brother,

COMEDY.

Adapted to the Drama by
His Majesty's Servants

Printed according to the true Copy.

Written by John Fletcher Gent.



LONDON:

Printed in the Year 1661.



The Speakers of the Play.

Lewis, a Lord.
Miramont, a Gentleman.
Brisac, a Justice, brother to Miramont.
Charles, a Scholar, } Sons to Brisac.
Eustace, a Courtier, }
Egremont, } two Courtiers, } friends to Eustace.
Dowry, }
Andrew, Servant to Charles.
Cook, } Servants to Brisac.
Butler, }
Priest.
Notary.
Servants.
Officers.

Angellina, Daughter to Lewis.
Sylvia, Her Woman.
Lilly, Wife to Andrew.
Ladies.

LECTORI.

*Would'st thou all wit, all Comick art survey ?
Read here and wonder ; FLETCHER writ the Play.*





Prologue.

BUt that it would take from our modesty,
To praise the Writer, or the Comedy,
Till you fair suffrage crown it, I should say,
Y^e are all most welcome to no vulgar play ;
And so far we are confident ; And if he
That made it still lives in your memory,
You will expect what we present to night,
Should be judg'd worthy of your ears and sight.
You shall hear *Fletcher* in it ; his true strain
And neat expressions ; living he did gain
Your good opinions ; but now dead commends
This Orphan to the care of noble friends ;
And may it raise in you content and mirth,
And be receiv'd for a legitimate birth.
Your grace erects new Trophies to his fame,
And shall to after-times preserve his name.

ABW



The Elder Brother.

A Comedy.

Actus 1. Scena 1.

LEWIS, ANGELLINA, SYLVIA.

N Ay, I must walk you farther. *Ang.* I am tyr'd Sir,
And nere shall foot it home. *Lew.* 'Tis for your
Health; the want of exercise takes from your
Beauties, and sloath dries up your sweetnesse:
That you are my only Daughter and my Heir, is
Granted; and you in thankfulnessse must needs acknowledge,
You ever finde me an indulgent Father,
And open-handed. *Ang.* Nor can you tax me Sir,
I hope, for want of duty to deserve
These favours from you. *Lew.* No, my *Angellina*,
I love and cherish thy obedience to me,
Which my care to advance thee, shall confirm:
All that I aime at, is to winne thee from
The practise of an idle foolish state
Us'd by great Women, who think any labour
[Though in the service of themselves) a blemish.

B

To

The Elder Brother.

To their faire fortunes. *Ang.* Make me understand Sir,
What 'tis you point at. *Lew.* At the custome how
Virgins of wealthy families, waste their youth;
After a long sleep, when you wake, your woman
Presents your breakfast, then you sleep again,
Then rise, and being trimm'd up by others hands,
Y^e are led to dinner, and that ended, either
To Cards or to your Couch (as if you were
Born without motion) After this to Supper,
And then to bed; And so your life runnes round
Without variety or action Daughter.

Syl. Here's a learned Lecture! *Lew.* From this idlenesse
Diseases both in body and in minde

Grow strong upon you; where a stirring nature
With wholesome exercise guards both from danger:
I'de have thee rise with the Sunne, walke, dance or hunt,
Visit the groves and springs, and learne the vertue
Of Plants and Simples: Doe this moderately,
And thou shalt not with eating chalke, or coales,
Leather and oatmeale, and such other trash,
Fall into the greene sicknesse. *Syl.* With your pardon

(Were you but pleas'd to minister it) I could
Prescribe a remedy for my Ladies health,
And her delight too, farre transcending those
Your Lordship but now mention'd. *Lew.* What is it *Sylvia*?

Syl. what i't? A noble Husband; In that word, a
Noble Husband, all content of Woman
Is wholly comprehended; He will rowse her,
As you say, with the Sunne, and so pipe to her,
As she will dance, ne're doubt it, and hunt with her,
Upon occasion, untill both be weary;
And then the knowledge of your Plants and Simples,
As I take it, were superfluons; A loving,
And but adde to it a gamesome Bedfellow,
Being the sure Physician. *Lew.* Well said Wench.

Ang. And

The Elder Brother.

Ang. And who gave you Commission to deliver
Your verdict, Minion? *Syl.* I deserve a fee,
And not a frown, dear Madam; I but speak
Her thoughts, my Lord, and what her modesty
Refuses to give voice to; shew no mercy
To a Maidenhead of fourteen, but off with't:
Let her lose no time Sir; Fathers that deny
Their Daughters lawfull pleasure, when ripe for them, in
Some kinds edge their appetites to tast of
The fruit that is forbidden. *Lew.* 'Tis well urg'd,
And I approve it; no more blushing Girle,
Thy woman hath spoke truth, and so prevented
What I meant to move to thee: There dwells neer us
A Gentleman of blood, Mounseieur *Brifac*,
Of a fair state, six thousand Crowns *per annum*,
The happy Father of two hopefull Sons,
Of different breeding; Th'elder, a meer Schollar,
The younger, a quaint Courtier. *Ang.* Sir, I know them
By publique fame, though yet I never saw them;
And that oppos'd antipathy between
Their various dispositions, renders them
The general discourse and argument;
One part inclining to the Schollar *Charles*,
The other side preferring *Eustace*, as
A man compleat in Courtship. *Lew.* And which may
(If of these two you were to chuse a husband)
Doth your affection sway you? *Ang.* to be plain Sir,
(Since you will teach me boldnesse) as they are
Simply themselves to neither; Let a Courtier
Be never so exact, let him be blest with
All parts that yeild him to a Virgin grations,
If he depend on others, and stand not
On his own bottoms, though he have the means
To bring his Mistrresse to a Masque, or by
Conveyance from some great ones lips, to tast

The Elder Brother.

Such favour from the King: or grant he purchase,
Precedency in the Court, to besworn
A servant Extraordinary to the Queen;
Nay, though he live in expectation of
Some huge preferment in reversion; if
He want a present fortune at the best
Those are but glorious dreams, and only yeild him
A happineſſe in *poſſe*, not in *eſſe*;
Nor can they fetch him ſilks from th' Mercer; nor
Discharge a Taylors bill; nor in full plenty
(Which ſtill preſerves a quiet bed at home)
Maintain a family. *Lew.* Aptly conſider'd,
And to my wiſh; but what's thy cenſure of
The Schollar? *Ang.* Troth (if he be nothing elſe)
As of the Courtier; all his Songs and Sonnets,
His Anagrams, Acroſticks, Epigrammes,
His deep and Philoſophical diſcourſe
Of natures hidden ſecrets, makes not up
A perfect husband; He can hardly borrow
The Stars of the Celeſtial crown to make me
A tire for my head; nor *Charles* Wain for a Coach,
Nor *Ganymede* for a Page, nor a rich Gown
From *Juno's* Wardrobe, nor would I lye in
(For I diſpair not once to be a mother)
Under heavens ſpangled Canopy, or banquet
My Gueſts and Goſſips with imagin'd Nectar;
Pure *Orleans* would do better; no, no, Father,
Though I could be well pleas'd to have my husband
A Courtier, and a Schollar, young, and valiant,
Theſe are but gawdy nothings, if there be not
Something to make a ſubſtance. *Lew.* And what is that?
Ang. A full eſtate, and that ſaid, I've ſaid all, and
Get me ſuch a one with theſe additions,
Farewell Virginity, and welcome Wedlock,
Lew. But where is ſuch a one to be met with Daughter?

A black

The Elder Brother.

A black Swan is more common, you may wear
Grey tresses ere we find him. *Ang.* I am not so
Punctual in all ceremonies, I will bate
Two or three of these good parts, before I dwell
Too long upon the choice. *Syl.* Onely, my Lord, remember
That he be rich and active, for without these
The others yeild no relish, but these perfect;
You must bear with small faults, Madam. *Lew.* Merry wench,
And it becomes you well; Ile to *Brisac*, and
Try what may be done; ith' mean time, home and
Feast thy thoughts with th' pleasures of a Bride.
Syl. Thoughts are but airy food sir, let her tast them.

Actus I. Scena II.

ANDREW, COOK, BUTLER.

Unload part of the Library, and make room for th' other
Dozen of Carts, Ile straight be with you. *Cook.* Why
hath he more books? *And.* more than ten Marts send over.
But. And can he tell their names? *And.* their names? he
Has 'em as perfect as his *pater noster*, but that's nothing,
'Has read them over leaf by leaf three thousand times;
But here's the wonder, though their weight would sink a
Spanish Carrock, without other ballast,
He carrieth them all in his head, and yet
He walks upright. *But.* Surely he has a strong brain.
And. If all thy pipes of wine were fill'd with books
Made of the barks of trees, or mysteries writ in
Old moth-eaten vellam, he would sip thy Celler
Quite dry, and still be thirsty; Then for's Diet,
He eats and digests more Volumes at a meal,
Than there would be Larks (though the sky should fall)
Devoured in a moneth in *Paris*, yet fear not sons
Oth' buttry, and kitchen, though his learn'd stomach
Cannot be appeas'd; Hee'l seldom trouble you,

The Elder Brother.

His knowing stomach contemnes your black Jacks, *Butler*,
And your Flagons; and *Cook* thy boy'l'd, thy roast, thy bak'd.
Cook, How liveth he? *And*. Not as other men do,
Few Princes fare like him; He breaks his fast
With *Aristotle*, dines with *Tully*, takes
His watering with the Muses, sups with *Livie*,
Then walkes a turne or two in *via lactea*,
And (after six houres conference with the stars)
Sleeps with old *Erra Pater*, *But*. This is admirable. *And*. I'll
Tell you more hereafter, here's my old Master, and another
Old ignorant Elder, Ile upon 'em.

Enter *Brisac*, *Lew*rs.

What *Andrew*? welcome, where's my *Charles*? speak
Andrew, where didst thou leave thy Master? *And*.
Contemplating the number of the sands in the high way, and
From that, purposes to make a judgement
Of the remainder in the Sea; He is Sir,
In serious study, and will lose no minute,
Nor out of's pace to knowledge. *Lew*. This is strange.
And. Yet he hath sent his duty Sir before him in this
Fair manuscript. *Bris*. What have we here?
Pot-hooks and Andirons! *And*. I much pitie you,
It is the Syrian Character, or the Arabick,
Would 'ee have it said, so great and deep a Schollar
As Master *Charles* is, should ask blessing
In any Christian Language? were it Greek,
I could interpret for you, but indeed
I'm gone no farther. *Bri*. And in Greek, you can
Lie with your smug wife *Lily*. *And*. If I keep her
From your French dialect, as I hope I shall Sir,
Howe'er she is your Laundresse, she shall put you
To th' charge of no more soap than usual
For th' washing of your sheets. *Bri*. Take in the knave, and
Let him eat. *And*. And drink too Sir. *Bri*. And drink too
Sir, and see your Masters Chamber ready for him.

But. Come

The Elder Brother.

But. Come Doctor *Andrew* without Disputation
Thou shalt commence ith' Celler. *And.* I had rather
Commence on a cold bak'd meat. *Cow.* Thou shalt ha't, Boy, *Ex.*
Bri. Good Monsieur *Lewis.* I esteeme my selfe
Much honour'd in your cleare intent, to joyne
Our ancient families, and make them one,
And 'twill take from my age and cares to live
And see what you have purpos'd but in act,
Of which your visit at this present is
A hopeful Omen; I each minute expecting
Th'arrival of my Sons; I have not wrong'd
Their Birth for want of meanes and education,
To shape them to that course each was addicted;
And therefore that we may proceed discreetly,
Since what's concluded rashly seldome prospers,
You first shall take a strict perusal of them,
And then from your allowance, your fair daughter
May fashion her affection. *Lew.* Monsieur *Brisac,*
You offer fair, and nobly, and Ile meet you
In the same line of honour, and I hope,
Being blest but with one daughter, I shall not
Appeare impertinently curious
Though with my utmost vigilance and study,
I labour to bestow her to her worth;
Let others speak her forme, and future fortune
From me descending to her; I in that
Sit down with silence. *Bri.* You may my Lord securely,
Since fame alowd proclaimeth her perfections,
Commanding all mens tongues to sing her praises;
Should I say more, you well might censure me
(What yet I never was) a Flatterer.
What trampling's that without of Horses?

Enter Butler.

Sir my young Masters are newly alighted.

Bri. Sir now observe their several dispositions.

Enter

The Elder Brother.

Enter Charles.

Bid my Suppiser carry my Hackney toth' buttry,
And give him his bever; it is a civil
And sober beast, and will drink moderately,
And that done, turne him into the quadrangle.

Bri. He cannot out of his University tone.

Enter Eustace, Egremont, Cowry.

Lackey, Take care our Coursers be well rubb'd,
And cloath'd, they have out-stripp'd the wind in speed.

Lew. I marry Sir, there's metal in this young fellow!

What a sheeps look his elder brother has!

Char. Your blessing, Sir? *Bri.* Rise *Charles,* thou hast it.

Eust. Sir, though it be unusual in the Court,

(Since 'tis the Courtiers garbe) I bend my knee,

And to expect what followes. *Bri.* Courtly begg'd.

My blessing take it. *Eust.* Your Lordships vow'd adorer: to *Lew.*

What a thing this brother is! yet Ile vouchsafe him

The new Italian shrug-----How clownishly

The book-worme does return it! *Cha.* I'm glad y' are well; reads.

Eust. Pray you be happy in the knowledge of

This paire of accomplish't Mounseurs.

They are Gallants that have seen both Tropicks.

Br. I embrace their love. *Egr.* which wee'l repay with servulating.

Cow. And will report your bounty in the Court.

Bri. I pray you make deserving use on't first:

Eustace, give entertainment to your friends,

What's in my house is theirs. *Eust.* Which wee'l make use of;

Let's warme our braines with half a dozen healths,

And then hang cold discourse, for wee'll speak fire-workes. *Exe.*

Lew. What at his book already? *Bri.* Fy, Fy, *Charles,*

No hour of interruption? *Cha.* Plato differs

From *Socrates* in this. *Bri.* Come lay them by;

Let them agree at leasure. *Cha.* Mans life Sir, being

So short, and then the way that leades unto

The knowledg of our selves, so long and tedious:

Each

The Elder Brother.

Each minute should be precious. *Bri.* In our care
To manage worldly business, you must part with
This bookish contemplation, and prepare
Your self for action; to thrive in this age,
Is held the blame of learning; you must study
To know what part of my land's good for th'plough,
And what for pasture; how to buy and sell
To the best advantage; how to cure my Oxen
When they're oregrown with labour. *Cha.* I may do this
From what I've read Sir; for what concerns tillage?
Who better can deliver it than *Virgil*
In his *Georgicks*? and to cure your herds,
His *Bucolicks* is a masterpeece; but when
He does discribe the Commonwealth of Bees,
Their industry and knowledge of the herbs,
From which they gather honey, with their care
To place it with *decorum* in the Hive,
Their government among themselves, their order
In going forth and coming laden home,
Their obedience to their King, and his rewards
To such as labour, with his punishments
Onely inflicted on the slothful Drone,
I'm ravished with it, and there reap my harvest,
And there receive the gaine my Cattle bring me,
And there find wax and honey. *Bri.* And grow rich
In your imagination; heyday, heyday,
Georgicks, *Bucolicks*, and Bees! Art mad?
Cha. No Sir, the knowledge of these guards me from it.
Bri. But can you find among your bundle of bookes
(And put in all your Dictionaries that speak all tongues)
What pleasure they enjoy, that do embrace
A well shap'd wealthy Bride? Answer me that.
Cha. Tis frequent Sir in story, there I read of
All kinde of vertuous and vicious women;
The ancient Spartan Dames, and Roman Ladyes,

C

Their

The Elder Brother.

Their beauties and deformities, and when
I light upon a *Portia* or *Cornelia*,
Crown'd with still-flourishing leaves of truth and goodness,
With such a feeling I peruse their fortunes,
As if I then had liv'd, and freely tasted
Their ravishing sweetness; at the present loving
The whole sex for their goodness and example.
But on the contrary when I looke on
A Clytemnestra, or a *Tullia*;
The first bath'd in her husbands blood; The later,
Without a touch of piety, driving on
Her Chariot ore her fathers breathless trunk,
Horror invades my faculties; and comparing
The multitudes o'th' guilty, with the few
That did dye Innocents, I detest, and loath'em
As ignorance or *Atheisme*. *Bri.* You resolve then
Nere to make payment of the debt you owe me.
Cha. What debt, good Sir? *Bri.* A debt I payd my father
When I begat thee, and made him a Grandfir,
Which I expect from you. *Cha.* The Children Sir,
Which I will leave to all posterity,
Begot and brought up by my painfull studies
Shall be my living issue. *Bri.* Very well.
And I shall have a general collection
Of all the quiddits from *Adam* to this time
To be my Grandchild. *Cha.* And such a one I hope Sir
As shall not shame the family. *Bri.* Nor will you
Take care of my estate? *Cha.* But in my wishes,
For know Sir, that the wings on which my Soul
Is mounted, have long since born her too high
To stoop to any prey that soares not upwards.
Sordid and dunghil minds compos'd of earth,
In that grosse Element fix all their happiness;
But purer spirits, purg'd and refin'd shake off
That clog of humane frailtie; give me leave

T'enjoy

The Elder Brother.

T'enjoy my selfe; that place that does contain
 My Books (the best Companions) is to me
 A glorious Court, where houely I converse
 With the old Sages and Philosophers,
 And sometimes for variety, I confer
 With Kings and Emperours, and weigh their Counsels,
 Calling their Victories (if unjustly got)
 Unto a strict accompt, and in my phancy,
 Deface their ill-plac'd Statues; Can I then
 Part with such constant pleasures, to imbrace
 Uncertain vanities? No, be it your care
 T'augment your heap of wealth; it shall be mine
 T'encrease in knowledge----Lights there for my study.---Exit.
 Bri. Was ever man that had reason thus transported
 From all sence and feeling of his proper good?
 It vexes me, and if I found not comfort
 In my young *Eustace*, I might well conclude
 My name were at a period! *Lew.* Hee's indeed Sir { Ent. *Enst.*
 The surer base to build on. *Bri.* *Eustace.* *Enst.* Sir---- { *Egr. Cow.*
Bri. Your eare in private. *And.* I suspect my Master { and *Andr.*
 Has found harsh welcome, hee's gone supperlesse
 Into his study; could I find out the cause, it
 May be borrowing of his books, or so,
 I shall be satisf'd. *Enst.* My duty shall Sir,
 Take any forme you please; and in your motion
 To have me married, you cut off all dangers
 The violent heats of youth might bear me to.
Lew. It is well answer'd. *Enst.* Nor shall you my Lord
 For your fair Daughter ever find just cause
 To mourn your choice of me; the name of Husband,
 Nor the authority it carries in it
 Shall ever teach me to forget to be
 As I am now her servant, and your Lordships;
 And but that modesty forbids, that I
 Should sound the Trumpet of my own deserts,

The Elder Brother.

I could say my choicemanners have been such,
As render me lov'd and remarkable
To th' Princes of the blood. *Com.* Nay to the King. *Egre.*
Nay to the King and Councel. *And.* These are Court admirers,
And ever eccho him that beares the bagg.
Though I be dull-ey'd, I see through this jugling.
Enst. Then for my hopes : *Com.* Nay certainties. *Enst.* They stand
As faire as any mans. What can there fall
In compass of her wishes which she shall not
Be suddenly possess'd of? Loves she titles?
By th' grace and favour of my princely friends,
I am what she would have me. *Bri.* He speaks well,
And I beleeeve him. *Lew.* I could wish I did so.
Pray you a word Sir. He's a proper Gentleman,
And promise nothing, but what is possible.
So far I will go with you; Nay I add,
He hath won much upon me, and were he
But one thing that his brother is, the bargain
Were soone struck up. *Bri.* What's that my Lord? *Lew.* the heire.
And. Which he is not, and I trust never shall be.
Bri. Come, that shall breed no difference; you see
Charles has giv'n ore the World; Ile undertake,
And with much ease, to buy his birthright of him
For a day-fat of new bookes; nor shall my state
Alone make way for him, but my elder brother's
Who being issueless, t'advance our name,
I doubt not will add his; Your resolution?
Lew. Ile first acquaint my daughter with the proceedings,
On these terms I am yours, as she shall be,
Make you no scruple, get the writings ready,
She shall be tractable; to morrow we will hold
A second conference: Farewell noble *Eustace*,
And you brave Gallants. *Enst.* Full increase of honour
Wait ever on your Lordship. *And.* The Gowt rather
And a perpetual Meagrim. *Bri.* You see *Eustace*,

How

The Elder Brother.

How I travail to possess you of a fortune
You were not born to; be you worthy of it,
He furnish you for a Suitor; visit her
And prosper in't. *Eust.* Shee's mine Sir, fear it not:
In all my travailes, I nere met a Virgin
That could resist my Courtship. *Eust.* If it take now,
W'are made for ever, and will revel it. *Exeunt.*
And. In tough Welsh parly, which in our vulgar Tongue
Is strong hempen halters; My poor Master couz'nd,
And I a looker on! If we have studied
Our majors, and our minors, antecedents,
And consequents, to be concluded coxcombes,
W'have made a faire hand on't; I am glad I have found
Out all their plots, and their conspiracies;
This shall t'old Mounsieur *Miramont*, one, that though
He cannot read a Proclamation, yet
Dotes on learning, and loves my Master *Charles*
For being a Schollar; I hear hee's comming hither,
I shall meet him, and if he be that old
Rough teasty blade he alwayes us'd to be,
He ring him such a peale as shall go neere
To shake their belroome, peradventure, beat'm,
For he is fire and flax, and so have at him. *Exit.*

Finis Actus primi.

Actus 2. Scena 1.

Miramont, Brisac.

Nay Brother, brother. *Bri.* Pray Sir be not moved,
I meddle with no business but mine own,
And in mine owne 'tis reason I should governe.

C 3

Mir. But

The Elder Brother.

Mir. But how to govern then, and understand Sir,
And be as wise as y' are hasty, though you be
My brother, and from one bloud sprung, I must tell yee
Heartily and home too. *Bri.* What Sir? *Mir.* What I grieve to find
You are a foole, and an old foole, and that's two.

Bri. Wee'l part'em, if you please. *Mir.* No they're entail'd to'em.
Seek to deprive an honest noble spirit,

Your eldest Son Sir, and your very Image,
(But he's so like you that he fares the worse for't)

Because he loves his book and doates on that,
And onely studies how to know things excellent,
Above the reach of such course braines as yours,
Such muddy fancies, that never will know farther
Then when to cut your Vines, and cozen Merchants,
And choak your hide-bound Tenants with musty harvests.

Bri. You go to fast. *Mir.* I'm not come to my pace yet,
Because h' has made his studie all his pleasure,

And is retyr'd into his Contemplation,
Not meddling with the dirt and chaffe of nature,
That makes the spirit of the mind mud too,
Therefore must he be flung from his inheritance?

Must he be dispossest'd, and Mounseieur gingle boy
His younger brother ----- *Bri.* You forget your self.

Mir. Because h' has been at Court and learn'd new tongues,
And how to speak a tedious peece of nothing;

To vary his face as Seamen do their Compass,
To worship images of gold and silver,
And fall before the she Calves of the Season,
Therefore must he jump into his brothers land?

Bri. Have you done yet, and have you spake enough,
In praise of learning, Sir? *Mir.* Never enough.

Bri. But brother do you know what learning is?

Mir. It is not to be a justice of Peace as you are,
And palter out your time ith' penal Statutes:

To heare the curious Tenets controverted

Between

The Elder Brother.

Between a Protestant Constable, and Jesuit Cobler,
To pick natural Philosophy out of bawdry,
When your Worship's pleas'd to corrective a Lady;
Nor 'tis not the main moral of blinde Justice,
(Which is deep learning) when your worships Tenants
Bring a light cause, and heavy Hennes before yee,
Both fat and feeble, a Goose or Pig,

And then you sit like equity with both hands
Weighing indifferently the state oth' question.
These are your quodlibets, but no learning Brother.

Bri. You are so parlously in love with learning,
That I'd be glad to know what you understand, brother,
I'm sure you have read all *Aristotle*. *Mir.* Faith no,
But I beleeve, I have a learned faith Si,
And that's it makes a Gentleman of my sort;
Though I can speak no Greek, I love the sound on't,
It goes so thundering as it conjur'd Devils?

Charles speaks it loftily, and if thou wert a man,
Or had'st but ever heard of *Homers Iliads*,
Hesiod, and the Greek Poets, thou wouldst run mad,
And hang thy self for joy th'hadst such a Gentleman
To be thy son; O he has read such things

To me! *Bri.* And you do understand 'm brother?

Mir. I tell thee no, that's not material; the sound's
Sufficient to confirme an honest man:

Good brother *Brisas*, do's your young Courtier
That weares the fine Cloathes, and is the excellent Gentleman,
(The Traveller, the Souldier, as you think too)
Understand any other power than his Taylor?

Or knowes what motion is more than an Horse race?
What the moon meanes, but to light him home from Taverns?
Or the Comfort of the Sun is, but to weare slash't clothes in?
And must this peece of ignorance be popt up,
Because 't can Kisse the hand, and cry sweet Lady?
Say it had been at *Rome*, and seen the Reliques,

Drunk

The Elder Brother.

Drunk your *Verdea* wine, and ridde at *Naples*,
Brought home a box of *Venice* treacle with it,
To cure young wenches that have eaten ashes:
Must this thing therefore?-----*Bri.* Yes Sir this thing must,
I will not trust my land to one so fotted,
So grown like a disease unto his studie;
He that will fling off all occasions

And cares, to make him understand what state is,
And how to govern it, must by that reason,
Be flung himself aside from managing:
My younger boy is a fine Gentleman.

Mir. He is an asse, a peece of Ginger-bread,
Gi't over to please foolish girles puppets.

Bri. You are my elder brother. *Mir.* So I had need,
And have an elder wit, thou'dst shame us all else.

Go too, I say, *Charles* shall inherit. *Bri.* I say no,
Unless *Charles* had a soul to understand it;

Can he manage six thousand Crowns a yeare
Out of the *Metaphysicks*? or can all

His learn'd Astronomee look to my Vineyards?

Can the drunken old Poets make up my Vines?

(I know they can drink'm) or your excellent Humanists

Sell'm the Merchants for my best advantage?

Can History cut my hay, or get my Corne in?

And can Geometrie vent it in the market?

Shall I have my sheep kept with a *Jacobs* staffe now?

I wonder you will magnifie this mad man,

You that are old and should understand. *Mir.* Should, sai'st thou,

Thou monstrous peece of ignorance in office!

Thou that hast no more knowledge than thy Clerk infuses,

Thy dapper Clerk larded with ends of Latin,

And he no more than custom of offences;

Thou unrepriveable Duncel! that thy formal bandstrings,

Thy Ring nor pomander cannot expiate for,

Do'st thou tell me I should? He pose thy Worship

In

The Elder Brother.

In thine own Library an Almanack,
Which thou art dayly poring on to pick out
Dayes of iniquity to cozen fooles in,
And full Moones to cut Cattel; do'st thou taint me,
That have run over Story, Poetry,
Humanity? *Bri.* As a cold nipping shadow
Does ore eares of Corne, and leave 'em blasted,
Put up your anger, what Ile do Ile do.
Mir. Thou shalt not doe. *Bri.* I will. *Mir.* Thou art an Asse then,
A dull old tedious Asse, th'art ten times worse
And of lesse credit than Duncie *Hollingshead*
The Englishman, that writes of snowes and Sheriffes.

Enter Lewis.

Bri. Wel take your pleasure, here's one I must talk with.
Lew. Good day Sir. *Bri.* Faire to you Sir. *Lew.* May I speak w'ye?
Bri. With all my heart, I was waiting on your goodnes.
Lew. Good morrow Mounfieur *Miramont.* *Mir.* O sweet Sir,
Keep your good morrow to coole your Worships pottage,
A couple of the worlds fooles met together
To raise up dirt and dunghils. *Lew.* Are they drawne?
Bri. They shall be ready Sir, within these two houres;
And *Charles* set his hand. *Lew.* 'Tis necessary;
For he being a joint purchaser, though your state
Was got by your owne industrie, unless
He seale to the conveyance, it can be
Of no validity. *Bri.* He shall be ready,
And do it willingly. *Mir.* He shall be hang'd first.
Bri. I hope your daughter likes. *Lew.* She loves him well Sir,
Young *Eustace* is a bait to catch a woman,
A budding spritely fellow; y'are resolv'd then,
That all shall passe from *Charles.* *Bri.* All, all, hee's nothing,
A bunch of bookes shall be his patrimony,
And more then he can manage too. *Lew.* Will your brother
Passe over his land to your son *Eustace*?
You know he has no heire. *Mir.* He will be flead first,

D

And

The Elder Brother.

And horse-collars made of 's skin! *Eri.* let him alone,
A wilful man; my state shall serve the turne, Sir.
And how does your Daughter? *Lew.* Ready for the houre,
And like a blushing Rose that staies the pulling.
Eri. To morrow, then's the day. *Lew.* Why then to morrow
Ile bring the Girle; get you the Writings ready.
Mir. But hark you Monsieur, have you the vertuous conscience
To help to rob an heire, an elder brother,
Of that which Nature and the Law flings on him?
You were your fathers eldest son, I take it,
And had his Land, would you had had his wit too,
Or his discretion to consider nobly,
What 'tis to deale unworthily in these things;
You'l say hee's none of yours, he's his son;
And he will say, he is no son to inherit
Above a shelve of Bookes; Why did he get him?
Why was he brought up to write and read, and know things?
Why was he not like his father, a dumb Justice?
A flat dull peece of flegme, shap'd like a man,
A reverend Idoll in a peece of arras?
Can you lay disobedience, want of manners,
Or any capital crime to his charge? *Lew.* I doe not,
Nor do not weigh your words, they bite not me, Sir;
This man must answer. *Eri.* I have don't already.
And giv'n sufficient reason to secure me;
And so good morrow brother to your patience.
Lew. Good morow Monsieur Miramont. *Mir.* Good night-
caps
Keep braines warm, or Maggots will breed in 'm.
Well *Charles*, thou shalt not want to buy thee bookes yet,
The fairest in thy study are my gift,
And the University *Lovaine* for thy sake,
Hath tasted of my bounty, and to vex
Th' old doting foole thy father, and thy brother,
They shall not share a *Solx* of mine between them;

Nay

The Elder Brother.

Nay more, He give thee eight thousand Crowns a year,
In some high strain to write my Epitaph.

Actus I I. Scena I I.

Enstace, Egremont, Cowsy.

How do I look now my elder Brother ?
Nay, 'tis a handsome Suit. *Cow.* All courtly, courtly.
Enst. He assure ye Gentlemen, my Taylor has travail'd,
And speaks as lofty Language in his bills too;
The cover of an old Book would not shew thus.
Fie, fie; what things these Academicks are ?
These book-worms, how they look! *Egre.* Th'are mere Images,
No gentle motion nor behaviour in 'm,
They'l prattle ye of *primum mobile*,
And tell a story of the state of Heaven,
What Lords and Ladies govern in such houses,
And what wonders they do when they meet together,
And how they spit snow, fire, and hail like a Jugler,
And make a noise when they are drunk, which we call Thunder.
Cow. They are the sneaking'st things, and the contemptiblest;
Such small-beer brains, but aske 'em any thing
Out of the Element of their understanding,
And they stand gaping like a roasted Pig;
Do they know what a Court is or a Councel,
Or how th' affairs of Christendome are manag'd ?
Do they know any thing but a tyred hackney ?
And they cry absurd as the Horse understood 'em.
They have made a fair youth of your elder brother,
A pretty piece of flesh. *Enst.* I thank 'm for it,
Long may he study to give me his state.
Saw you my Mistress ? *Egr.* Yes, shee's a sweet young woman,
But be sure you keep her from Learning. *Enst.* Songs she
May have, and read a little unbak'd Poetry,
Such as the Dablers of our time contrive,

The Elder Brother.

That has no weight nor wheel to move the mind,
Nor indeed nothing but an empty sound;
She shall have cloaths, but not made by Geometry;
Horses and Coach, but of no immortal race;
I will not have a Scholar in mine house
Above a gentle Reader; They corrupt
The foolish women with their subtle problems;
He have my house call'd Ignorance, to fright
Prating Philosophers from entertainment.

Cow. It will do well, love those that love good fashions,
Good clothes and rich, they invite men to admire 'm,
That speak the lisp of Court. Oh 'tis great Learning!
To ride well, dance well, sing well, or whistle Courtly,
Th'are rare endowments; that they have seen far Countries,
And can speak strange things, though they speak no truths,
For then they make things common. When are you married?

Eust. To morrow, I think, we must have a Masque Boyes,
And of our own making. *Egre.* 'Tis not half an houres work,
A Cupid and a fiddle, and the thing's done,
But let's be handsome, shall's be Gods or Nymphs?

Eust. What, Nymphs with beards? *Cow.* That's true, we'll be
Knights then,

Some wandring Knights, that light here on a sudden.

Eust. Let's go, let's go, I must go visit, Gentlemen,
And mark what sweet lips I must kiss to morrow. *Exeunt.*

Actus I. Scena IIT.

Cook, Andrew, Butler.

And how do's my Master? *And.* Is at's book, peace Coxcomb,
That such an unlearn'd tongue as thine should ask for him!

Co. Do's he not study conjuring too? *And.* Have you
Lost any Plate, *Butler?* *Eur.* No, but I know
I shall to morrow at dinner. *And.* Then to morrow
You shall be turn'd out of your place for't; we meddle
With

The Elder Brother.

With no spirit oth' Buttry, they taste too small for us ;
Keep me a Pye *in folio*, I beseech thee,
And thou shalt see how learnedly Ile translate him ;
Shal's have good cheer to morrow? *Coo. Ex. Lent*, good cheer
Andrew.

And. The spight on't is, that much about that time,
I shall be arguing, or deciding rather,
Which are the Males or Females of red Herrings,
And whether they be taken in the red Sea onely,
A question found out by *Copernicus*,
The learned Motion-maker. *Co.* I marry *Butler*,
Here are rare things; a man that look'd upon him,
Would swear he understood no more than we do.
But. Certain, a learned *Andrew.* *And.* I've so much on't,
And am so loaden with strong understanding,
I fear, they'l run me mad, here's a new instrument,
A mathematical glister to purge the Moon with,
When she is laden with cold flegmatick humours,
And here's another to remove the Stars,
When they grow too thick in the Firmament.
Co. O heavens ! why do I labour out my life
In a beef-pot ? and onely search the secrets
Of a Sallad ; and know no farther ! *And.* They are not
Reveal'd to all heads ; These are far above
Your Element of Fire *Cooke*, I could tell you
Of *Archimedes* glafs to fire your coals with,
And of the Philosophers turf that nere goes out ;
And *Gilbert Butler*, I could ravish thee,
With two rare inventions. *But.* What are they *Andrew* ?
And. The one to blanch your bread from chippings base,
And in a moment, as thou wouldst an Almond,
The Sect of the Epicureans invented that ;
The other for thy trenchers, that's a strong one,
To cleanse you twenty dozen in a mipute,
And no noise heard, which is the wonder *Gilbert*,

The Elder Brother.

And this was out of Plato's new Idea's.

But. Why, what a learned Master do'st thou serve *Andrew*?

And. These are but the scrapings of his understanding, *Gilbert*;

With gods and goddesses, and such strange people

He deals, and treats with in so plain a fashion,

As thou do'st with thy boy that drawes thy drink,

Or *Ralph* there with his kitchin boyes and scalders.

Coo. But why should he not be familiar and talk sometimes,

As other Christians do, of hearty matters,

And come into the Kitchin, and there cut his breakfast?

But. And then retyre to the Buttry and there eat it,

And drink a lusty bowle to my younger Master

That must be now the heir will do all these,

I and be drunk too; These are mortal things.

And. My Master studies immortality. *Coo.* Now thou talk'st

Of immortality, how do's thy wife *Andrew*. My old Master

Did you no small pleasure when he procur'd her

And stock'd you in a farme. If he should love her now,

As he hath a Colts tooth yet! what sayes your learning

And your strange instruments to that my *Andrew*?

Can any of your learned Clerks avoid it?

Can ye put by his Mathematical Engine?

And. Yes, or Ile break it; thou awaken'st me,

And Ile peep ith' Moon this moneth but Ile watch for him.

My Master rings, I must go make him a fire,

And conjure ore his books. *Coo.* Adieu good *Andrew*,

And send thee manly patience with thy learning. *Exen.*

Actus II. Scena IV.

Charles.

I have forgot to eat and sleep with reading,

And all my faculties turn into studie;

'Tis meat and sleep; what need I outward garments,

When I can cloath my self with understanding?

The

The Elder Brother.

The stars and glorious planets have no Taylors,
Yet ever new they are and shine like Courtiers.
The seasons of the yeare find no fond parents,
Yet some are arm'd in silver Ice that glisters,
And some in gawdy green come in like Masquers.
The Silk-worm spins her own suit and lodging,
And has no aid nor partner in her labours.
Why should we care for any thing but knowledge,
Or look upon the world but to contemne it?

Enter *Andrew*.

Would you have any thing? *Cha. Andrew*, I find
There is a flie grown o're the eye oth' Bull,
Which will go neere to blind the Constellation.

And. Put a gold-ring in's nose, and that will cure him.

Cha. *Ariadne's* crown's away too; two main starres
That held it fast are slip'd out. *And*. Send it presently
To *Gallathea* the Italian Star-wright

Hee'll set it right againe with little labour;

Cha. Thou art a pretty Scholar. *And*. I hope I shall be;
Have I swept bookes so often to know nothing?

Cha. I heare thou art married. *And*. It hath pleas'd your father
To match me to a maid of his owne choosing,
I doubt her constellation's loose too, and wants nailing,
And a sweet farme he has given us a mile off Sir.

Cha. Marry thy selfe to understanding, *Andrew*,

These women are *Errata* in all Authors,
They're faire to see to, and bound up in vellam,
Smooth white and cleare, but their contents are monstrous;
They treat of nothing but dull age and diseases.

Thou hast not so much wit in thy head, as there is.

On those shelves, *Andrew*. *And*. I think I have not Sir.

Cha. No if thou had'st thou'd'st nere marryed a woman
In thy bosome, they're Cataplasmes made oth' deadly sins:
I nere saw any yet but mine own mother;
Or if I did, I did regard them but

As

The Elder Brother.

As shadowes that passe by of under Creatures.

And. Shall I bring you one? Ile trust you with my owne wife;
I would not have your brother go beyond ye;

Th'are the prittiest natural Philosophers to play with.

Cha. No, no, th'are Opticks to delude mens eyes with.

Does my younger brother speak any Greek yet, *Andrew?*

And. No, but he speaks High Dutch, and that goes as daintily.

Cha. Reach me the bookes down I read yesterday,

And make a little fire and get a manchets;

Make clean those instruments of brasse I shew'd you,

And set the great Sphere by, then take the fox tayle

And purge the bookes from dust, last take your *Lilly*,

And get your part ready. *And.* Shall I go home Sir?

My wives name is *Lilly*, there my best part lyes, Sir.

Cha. I meane your Grammer, O thou dunderhead!

Whould'st thou be ever in thy wives *Syntaxis*?

Let me have no noise nor nothing to disturb me,

I am to find a secret. *And.* So am I too,

Which if I find, I shall make some smart for't.-----*Exeunt.*

Actus 3. Scena 1.

Lewis, Angellina, Sylvia, Notary.

This is the day my daughter *Angellina*,
The happy, that must make you a fortune,
A large and full one, my great care has wrought it,
And yours must be as great to entertaine it;
Young *Eustace* is a Gentleman at all points,
And his behaviour affable and courtly,
His person excellent, I know you find that,
I read it in your eyes, you like his youth,

Young

The Elder Brother.

Young handsome people should be match'd together,
Then followes handsome Children, handsome fortunes;
The most part of his fathers state, my Wench,
Is ti'd in a joynture, that makes up the harmony;
And when ye are married, he's of that soft temper,
And so far will be chain'd to your obsevrance,
That you may rule and turne him as you please.

What are the writings drawn on our side, Sir?

Not. They are, and here I have so fetter'd him,
That if the Elder Brother set his hand to,
Not all the power of law shall ere release him.

Lew. These Notaries are notable confident Knaves,
And able to doe more mischeife than an Army;

Are all your clauses sure? *Not.* Sure as proportion,
They may turne Rivers sooner than these writings.

Not. Why did you not put all the lands in, Sir?

Lew. Twas not condition'd. *Not.* If it had been found,
It had been but a fault made in the writing;

If not found all the Land. *Lew.* These are small Devils
That care not who has mischeife, so they make it;
They live upon the meere scent of diffension.

Tis well, tis well, Are you contented Girle?

For your will must be known. *Ang.* A husband's welcom,
And as an humble wife Ile entertaine him,

No soveraignty I aime at, 'tis the mans Sir,

For she that seekes it, kills her husbands Honour;

The Gentleman I have seene, and well observ'd him,

Yet find not that grac'd excellence you promise,

A pretty Gentleman, and he may please too,

And some few flashes I have hear'd come from him,

But not to admiration as to others;

Hee's young and may be good, yet he must make it;

And I may help, and help to thank him also.

It is your pleasure I should make him mine,

And't has beene still my duty to observe you.

E

Lew. Why

The Elder Brother.

Lem. Why then let's go, And I shall love your modesty.
To horse, and bring the Coach out *Angelina*,
To morrow you will look more womanly.

Ang. So I look honestly, I fear no eyes, Sir.

Exeunt.

Actus III. Scena II.

Brisac, Andrew, Cooke, Lilly.

Wait on your Master, he shall have that befits him;

And. No inheritance, Sir? *Bri.* You speak like a fool, a coxcomb,

He shall have annual meanes to buy him bookes,

And find him cloathes and meat, what would he more?

Trouble him with Land? 'tis flat against his nature:

I love him too, and honour those gifts in him.

And. Shall Master *Eustace* have all? *Bri.* All, all, he knows how

To use it, he's a man bred in the world,

T'other ich' heavens: my Masters, pray be wary,

And serviceable; and *Cooke* see all your sawces

Be sharp and poynant in the pallat, that they may

Commend you; look to your roast and bak'd meats handsomly,

And what new kickshawes and delicate made things—

Is th' musick come? *But.* Yes Sir, th'are here at breakfast.

Bri. There will be a Masque too, you must see this room clean,

And *Butler*, your doore open to all good fellows,

But have an eye to your plate, for there be Furies;

My *Lilly* we'come you are for the linnen,

Sort it, and see it ready for the table,

And see the bride-bed made, and look the cords be

Not cut asunder by the Gallants too,

There be such knacks abroad; hark hither, *Lilly*,

To morrow night at twelve a clock, He suppe w' ye,

Your husband shall be safe, He send ye meat too,

Before I cannot well slip from my company.

And. Will ye so, will you so, Sir? He make one to eate it,

I may chance make you stagger too. *Bri.* No answer, *Lilly?*

Lil. One

The Elder Brother.

Lil. One word about the linnen; Ile be ready,
And rest your Worships still. *And.* And Ile rest w' yee,
You shall see what rest 'twill be: Are ye so nimble?
A man had need have ten paire of eares to watch you.

Bri. Wait on your Master, for I know he wants ye,
And keep him in his studie, that the noise
Do not molest him: *I will not faile my Lilly*—

Come in sweet heart, all to their severall duties. *Exeunt*

And. are you kissing ripe, Sir? Double but my farm
And kisse her till thy heart ake; these smock vermin,
How eagerly they leap at old mens kisses,

They lick their lips at profit, not at pleasure;

And if't were not for th' scurvie name of Cuckold,

He should lye with her, I know shee'l labour at length

With a good lordship. If he had a wife now,

But that's all one, Ile fit him: I must up:

Unto my Master, hee'l be mad with studie — *Exit.*

Actus III. Scena III.

CHARLES.

What a noise is in this house, my head is broken,

Within a Parenthesis, in every corner,

As if the earth were shaken with some strange Collect,

There are stirres and motions. What Planet rules this house?

Enter ANDREVV.

Who's there? *And.* Tis I Sir faithful Andrew. *Cha.* Come neere

And lay thine eare down, hear'ft no noise? *And.* The Cookes

Are chopping hearbs and mince meat to make pies,

And breaking Marrow-bones — *Char.* Can they set them a-

gaine?

And. Yes, yes, in broths and puddings, and they grow stronger

For the use of any man. *Cha.* What speaking's that?

Sure there is a massacre. *And.* Of Pigs and Geese Sir,

And Turkeys for the spit. The Cookes are angry Sirs,

E 2 And

The Elder Brother.

And that makes up the medly. *Cha.* Do they thus
At every dinner? I nere mark'd them yet,
Nor know who is a Cook. *And.* Th'are sometimes sober,
And then they beat as gently as a Tabor.

Cha. What loads are these? *Andr.* Meat, meat, Sir, for the
Kitchen,

And stinking Fowles the Tenants have sent in;
They'l nere be found out at a general eating;
And there's fat Venison, Sir. *Cha.* What's that? *And.* Why Deer,
Those that men fatten for their private pleasures,
And let their tenants starve upon the Commons.

Cha. I've red of Deer, but yet I nere eat any.

And. There's a Fishmongers boy with Caviar Sir,
Anchoves and Potargo to make ye drink.

Cha. Sure these are modern, very modern meats,
For I understand 'm not. *And.* No more do's any man
From Caca merda or a substance worse,

Till they be greas'd with oyle, and rub'd with onions,
And then sling out of doores, they are rare Sallads.

Cha. And why is all this, prithee tell me *Andrew*?

Are there any Princes to dine here to day?

By this abundance sure there should be Princes;

I've read of entertainment for the gods

At half this charge, will not six dishes serve 'em?

I never had but one, and that a small one.

And. Your Brother's married this day, he's married,

Your younger brother *Eustace*. *Cha.* What of that?

And. And all the friends about are bidden hither.

There's not a Dog that knows the house but comes too.

Cha. Married? to whom? *And.* Why to a dainty Gentlewoman,

Young, sweet, and modest. *Cha.* Are there modest women?

How do they look? *And.* O you'l blesse your self to see them.

He parts with's book, he nere did so before yet.

Cha. What do's my father for 'm? *And.* Gives all his Land,

And makes your brother Heir. *Cha.* Must I have nothing?

And.

The Elder Brother.

And. Yes, you must studie still, and he'll maintain you.

Cha. I am his eldest brother. *And.* True, you were so,
But he has leap'd ore your shoulders, Sir. *Cha.* 'Tis wel,
He'll not inherit my understanding too?

And. I think not, he'll scarce find tenants to let it
Out to. *Cha.* Hark, hark. *And.* The Coach that brings the fair
Lady.

Enter *Lewis, Angellina,*
Ladies, Notary, &c.

And. Now you may see her. *Cha.* Sure this should be modest;
But I doe not truly know what women make of it,

Andrew; She has a face lookes like a story,
The storie of the Heavens looks very like her.

And. She has a wide face then. *Cha.* She has a Cherubins,
Cover'd and vail'd with modest blushes.

Eustace be happy, whiles poor *Charles* is patient.
Get me my book again, and come in with me—*Exeunt.*

Enter *Brisac, Eustace, Egremont,*
Cowcy, Miramont.

Bri. Welcome sweet Daughter, welcome noble Brother,
And you are welcome Sir, with all your writings,
Ladies most welcome; What? my angry brother!
You must be welcome too, the Feast is flat else.

Mir. I am not come for your welcome, I expect none;
I bring no joyes to blesse the bed withal;
Nor songs, nor Masques to glorifie the Nuptials,
I bring an angry mind to see you folly,

A sharp one too, to reprehend you for it.

Bri. You'll stay and dine though? *Mir.* All your meat smells
mustie,

Your table will shew nothing to content me.

Bri. Ile answer you, here's good meat. *Mir.* But your sauce is
scurvie;

It is not season'd with the sharpness of discretion.

Eust. It seems your anger is at me, dear Uncle.

Mir.

The Elder Brother.

Mir. Thou art not worth my anger, th' art a boy,
A lump o'thy fathers lightness, made of nothing
But antick cloaths and cringes; look in thy head,
And 'twill appeare a footbal full of fumes
And rotten smoke; *Ladie*, I pittie you;
You are a handsome and a sweet young *Ladie*,
And ought to have a handsome man yoak'd t'ye,
An understanding too; this is a Gincrack,
That can get nothing but new fashions on you;
For say he have a thing shap'd like a child,
'Twill either prove a tumbler or a tailor.

Eust. These are but hash words *Uncle*. *Mir.* So I mean 'em.
Sir, you play harsher play w' your elder brother.

Eust. I would be loth to give you. *Mir.* Do not venter,
He make your wedding cloaths fit closer t'ee then;
I but disturb you, He go see my nephew.

Lew. Pray take a piece of rosemarie. *Mir.* He wear it,
But for the Ladies sake, and none of yours;
May be He see your table too. *Bri.* Pray do, *Sir*.

Ang. A mad old Gentleman. *Bri.* Yes faith sweet daughter,
He has been thus his whole age to my knowledge,
He has made *Charles* his heir, I know that certainly;
Then why should he grudge *Eustace* any thing?

Ang. I would not have a light head, nor one laden
With too much learning, as they say, this *Charles* is,
That makes his book his Mistress: Sure there's something
Hid in this old mans anger, that declares him
Not a mere Sot. *Bri.* Come shall we go and seal brother?

All things are readie, and the Priest is here.

When *Charles* has set his hand unto the Writings,

As he shall instantly, then to the Wedding,

And so to dinner. *Lew.* Come, let's seal the book first

For my daughters jointure. *Bri.* Let's be private in't, *sir*. *Exeunt.*

The Elder Brother.

Actus III. Scena IV.

Enter CHARLES, MIRAMONT,
ANDREW.

Mir. Nay, y^e are undone. *Cha.* hum. *Mir.* Ha'y^e no greater feeling?

And. You were sensible of the great book, Sir,
When it fell on your head, and now the house
Is ready to fall, Do you fear nothing? *Cha.* Will
He have my bookes too? *Mir.* No, he has a book,
A fair one too to read on, and read wonders,
I would thou hadst her in thy studie Nephew,
And 'twere but to new string her. *Cha.* Yes, I saw her,
And me thought 'twas a curious peece of learning,
Handsomely bound, and of a dainty letter.

And. He flung away his book. *Mir.* I like that in him,
Would he had flung away his dulness too,

And speak to her. *Cha.* And must my brother have all?

Mir. All that your father has. *Cha.* And that faire woman too?

Mir. That woman also. *Cha.* He has enough then.

May I not see her sometimes, and call her Sister?

I will doe him no wrong. *Mir.* This makes me mad,

I could now cry for anger; these old fooles

Are the most stubborn and the wilfullest Coxcombs;

Farewel, and fall to your book, forget your brother;

You are my heire, and He provide y^a wife;

He look upon this marriage, though I hate it. *Exit.*

Enter BRISAC.

Where is my son? *And.* There Sir, casting a figure

What chopping children his brother shall have.

Bri. He does well; How do'st *Charles*? still at thy book?

And. Hee's studying now Sir who shall be his father.

Bri. Peace you rude Knave---Come hither *Charles* be merry.

Cha. I

The Elder Brother.

Cha. I thank you, I am busie at my book, Sir.

Bri. You must put your hand my *Charles*, as I would have you,
Unto a little peece of parchment here;

Onely your name, you write a reasonable hand.

Cha. But I may do unreasonably to write it.

What is it Sir? *Bri.* To passe the Land I have, Sir,

Unto your younger brother. *Cha.* Is't no more?

Bri. No, no, 'tis nothing you shall be provided for,

And new bookes you shall have still, and new studies,

And have your meanes brought in without thy care boy,

And one still to attend you. *Cha.* This shewes your love father.

Bri. I'm tender to you. *And.* Like a stone, I take it.

Cha. Why father, Ile go downe, an't please you let me,

Because Ide see the thing they call the Gentlewoman,

I see no woman but through contemplation,

And there Ile doe't before the Company,

And with my brother fortune. *Bri.* Doe I prithee.

Cha. I must not stay, for I have things above

Require my study. *Bri.* No, thou shalt not stay,

Thou shalt have a brave dinner too. *And.* Now has he

Orethrowne himselfe for ever; I will down

Into the Celler, and be stark drunk for anger.

Exeunt.

Actus III. Scena V.

Enter LEWIS, ANGELLINA, EUSTACE, Priest,

Ladies, COWCY, Notary, MIRAMONT.

Not. Come let him bring his sons hand, and all's done.

Is yours ready? *Pr.* Yes Ile dispatch ye presently,

Immediately for in truth I am a hungry.

Eust. Doe speak apace for we believe exactly

Doe not we stay long Mistres? *Ang.* I find no fault,

Better things well done than want time to doe them.

Uncle why are you sad? *Mir.* Sweet smelling blossome,

Would I were thine Uncle to thine owne content,

Ide

The Elder Brother.

Ide make thy husbands state a thousand better
A yearlie thousand, thou hast mist a man,
(But that he is addicted to his studie,
And knowes no other Mistresse than his minde)
Would weigh down bundles of these emptie kexes.

Ang. Can he speak, Sir? *Mir.* Faith Yes, but not to women
His language is to heaven, and heavenlie wonder,
To Nature, and her dark and secret causes.

Ang. And does he speak well there? *Mir.* O, admirably;
But hee's too bashful to behold a woman,
There's none that sees him, nor he troubles none.

Ang. He is a man. *Mir.* Faith Yes, and a cleare sweet spirit.

Ang. Then conversation me thinkes-----*Mir.* So think I
But it is his rugged fate, and so I leave you.

Ang. I like thy nobleness. *Enst.* See my mad Uncle
Is courting my faire Mistresse. *Lew.* Let him alone,
There's nothing that allayes an angrie mind
So soone as a sweet beautie; hee'l come to us.

Enter BRISAC, CHARLES.

Enst. My father's here, my brother too! that's a wonder,
Broke like a spirit from his Cell. *Bri.* Come hither,
Come neerer *Charles*; 'Twas your desire to see
My noble Daughter, and the company,
And give your brother joy, and then to seal boy.
You doe like a good brother. *Lew.* Marry do's he,
And he shall have my love for ever for't.

Put to your hand now. *Not.* Here's the Deed Sir, ready.

Cha. No, you must pardon me a while, I tell ye,
I am in contemplation, doe not trouble me.

Bri. Come leave thy studie, *Charles.* *Cha.* Ile leave my life first;
I studie now to be a man, I've found it.

Before what man was, was but my argument.

Mir. I like this best of all, he has taken fire,
His dull mist flies away. *Enst.* Will you write brother?

Cha. No, brother no, I have no time for poore things,

The Elder Brother.

I'm taking th' height of that bright Constellation.

Bri. I say you trifle time, son. *Cha.* I will not seale, Sir;

I am your eldest, and Ile keepe my birthright,

For heaven forbid I should become example;

Had y' onely shew'd me Land, I had deliver'd it,

And '... a proud man to have parted with it;

Tis due, and labour; Doe I speak right Uicle?

Mir. Bravely my boy, and blesse thy tongue. *Cha.* Ile forward,

But you have open'd to me such a treasure,

I find my mind free, heaven direct my fortune.

Mir. Can he speak now? Is this a son to sacrifice?

Cha. Such an inimitable piece of beauty,

That I have studyed long, and now found onely,

That I can part sooner with my soul of reason,

And be a plant, a beast, a fish, a flie,

And onely make the number of things up

Than yeeld to one foot of Land, if she be ty'd to't.

Lew. He speakes unhappily. *Ang.* and me thinkes bravely.

This the meere Schollar? *Enst.* You but vexe your selfe brother

And vex your studie too. *Cha.* Go you and studie,

For 'tis time young *Enstace.* you want both man and manners,

I've studied both although I made no shew on't.

Goe turne the Volums over I have read,

Eat and digest them, that they may grow in thee,

Weare out the tedious night with thy dimme Lampe,

And sooner lose the day than leave a doubt.

Distill the sweetness from the Poets Spring,

And learne to love, Thou know'st not what faire is,

Traverse the stories of the great Heroes,

The wise and civill lives of good men walke through;

Thou haste seene nothing but the face of Countries,

And brought home nothing but their empty words:

Why should'st thou weare a Jewel of this worth?

That hast no worth within thee to preserve her.

Beauty

The Elder Brother.

Beauty cleere and faire,
where the aire
Rather like a perfume dwells,
Where the violet and the Rose
The blew veines in blush disclose,
And come to honour nothing else.

Where to live neere,
And planted there,
Is to live, and still live new;
Where to gain a favour is
More then light, perpetual blisse,
Make me live by serving you.

Deare again backe recal,
to this light,
A stranger to himselfe and all;
Both the wonder and the story
Shall be yours, and eke the Glory,
I am your servant, and your thrall.

Mir. Speake such another Ode, and take all yet.
What say ye to the Scholar now? Ang. I wonder;
Is he your brother, Sir? Eust. Yes, would he were buried,
I feare hee'l make an asse of me a younger.
Ang. Speake not so softly Sir, tis very likely.
Bri. Come leave your finical talke, and let's dispatch, Charles.
Cha. Dispatch? What? Bri. Why the land. Cha.
You are deceiv'd, Sir,
Now I perceive what 'tis that woes a woman,
And what maintaines her when shee's woo'd: Ile stop here.
A wilfull poverty nere made a beauty,
Nor want of meanes maintain'd it vertuously:
Though land and monies be no happinesse,

The Elder Brother

Yet they are counted good additions.
That use Ile make; He that neglects a blessing,
Though he want a present knowledge how to use it,
Neglects himself; May be I have done you wrong Lady,
Whose love and hope went hand in hand together;
May be my brother, that has long expected
The happie houre and blest my ignorance;
Pray give me leave Sir, I shall cleare all doubts;
Why did they shew me you? Pray tell me that?
(*Mir.* Hee'l talke thee into a pension for thy knaverie.)
Cha. You happie you, why did you break unto me?
The rosie sugred morne nere broke so sweetly:
I am a man, and have desires within me,
Affections too, though they were drown'd a while,
And lay dead, till the Spring of beautie rais'd them;
Till I saw those eyes, I was but a lump;
A Chaos of confusedness dwelt in me;
Then from those eyes shot Love, and he distinguisht,
And into forme he drew my faculties;
And now I know my Land, and now I love too.
Bri. We had best remove the Maid. *Cha.* It is too late Sir.
I have her figure here. Nay frowne not *Enstace*,
There are lesse worthie soules for younger brothers;
This is no forme of filk but sanctitie,
Which wild lascivious hearts can never dignifie.
Remove her where you will, I walk along still;
For like the light we make no separation;
You may sooner part the billowes of the Sea,
And put a barre betwixt their fellowships,
Than blot out my remembrance; sooner shut
Old time into a Den, and stay his motion,
Wash of the swift houres from his downie wings,
Or steale eternitie to stop his glasse,
Than shut the sweet Idea I have in me.
Roome for an elder brother, pray give place, Sir.

Mir: Has

The Elder Brother.

Mir. Has studied duell too, take heed, hee'l beat thee.
Has frighted the old Justice into a feaver;
I hope hee'l disinherit him too for an asse;
For though he be grave with yeares, hee's a great babie.
Cha. Doe not you think me mad? *Ang.* No certain, Sir,
I have heard nothing from you but things excellent.
Cha. You look upon my cloathes and laugh at me,
My scurvie cloathes! *Ang.* They have rich linings Sir.
I would your brother———*Cha.* His are gold and gawdie.
Ang. But tonch 'em inwardlie they smell of Copper.
Cha. Can ye love me? I am an heire sweet Ladie,
How ever I appeare a poore dependant;
Love you with honour, I shall love so ever;
Is your eye ambitious? I may be a great man.
Is't wealth or lands you covet? my father must dye.
Mir. That was well put in, I hope hee'l take it deeply.
Cha. Old men are not immortal, as I take it;
Is it, you looke for, youth and handsomness?
I doe confesse my brother's a handsome Gentleman,
But he shall give me leave to lead the way Ladie,
Can you love for love, and make that the reward?
The old man shall not love his heapes of gold
With a more doting superstition,
Then Ile love you. The young man his delights,
The Merchant when he ploughs the angrie Sea up,
And sees the Mountaine billows falling on him,
As if all Elements, and all their angers
Were turn'd into one vow'd destruction;
Shall not with greater joy embrace his safetie.
Wee'l live together like two wanton Vines,
Circling our foules and loves in one another,
Wee'l spring together and wee'l beare one fruit;
One joy shall make us smile, and one grieve mourne;
One age go with us, and one houre of death
Shall shut our eyes, and one grave make us happie.

The Eider Brother.

Ang. And one hand seale the match, I me yours for ever.

Lew. Nay, stay, stay, stay. *Ang.* Nay certainly, tis done Sir.

Bri. There was a contract. *Ang.* Onely conditional,

That if he had the Land, he had my love too;

This Gentleman's the heire, and hee'll maintaine it.

Pray be not angrie Sir at what I say;

Or if you be, tis at your owne adventure.

You have the outside of a pretty Gentleman,

But by my troth your inside is but barren;

Tis not a face I onely am in love with,

Nor will I say your face is excellent,

A reasonable hunting face to Court the wind with;

Nor th' are not words unlesse they be well plac'd too,

Nor your sweet Dam-mes, nor your hired verses,

Nor telling me of Cloathes, nor Coach and horses,

No nor your visits each day in new suites,

Nor your black patches you weare variousslie,

Some cut like starres, some in halfe Moones, some Lozenges;

(All which but shew you still a younger brother.)

Mir. Gramercie Wench, thou hast a noble soule too.

Ang. Nor your long travailes, nor your little knowledge,

Can make me doate upon you. Faith goe studie,

And gleane some goodnes, that you may shew manlie;

Your Brother at my suit I me sure will teach you;

Or onely studie how to get a wife Sir,

Y'are cast far behind, tis good you should be melancholie,

It shewes like a Gamester that had lost his money,

And tis the fashion to weare your arme in a skarte Sir,

For you have had a shrewd cut ore the fingers.

Lew. But are y' in earnest? *Ang.* Yes, beleeeve me father,

You shall nere choose for me, y'are old and dim Sir,

And th' shaddow of the earth eclips'd your judgement,

Y'have had your time without controwle deare father,

And you must give me leave to take mine now Sir.

Bri. this is the last time of asking, Will you set your hand to?

Cha. This

The Elder Brother.

Cha. This is the last time of answering, I will never.

Bris. Out of my doores. *Char.* Most willingly. *Miram.* He shall Jew,

Thou of the Tribe of *Man-y-asses* Coxcombe,
And never trouble thee more till thy chops be cold foole.

Ans. Must I be gone too? *Lew.* I will never know thee.

Ang. Then this man will; what fortune he shall run, father,
Bee t it good or bad, I must partake it with him.

Enter EGREMONT.

When shall the Masque begin? *Eust.* Tis done already,

All, all is broken off, I am undone friend,

My brother's wife againe, and has spoil'd all,

Will not release the land, has wone the Wench too.

Egre. Could he not stay till th' Masque was past? w'are ready.

What a skirvie trick's this? *Mir.* O you may vanish,

Performe it at some Hall, where the Citizens wives

May see't for six pence a peece, and a cold supper.

Come let's goe *Charles*; And now my noble Daughter,

Ile sell the tiles of my house ere thou shalt want Wench.

Rate up your dinner Sir, and sell it cheap,

Some younger brother will take't up in commodities.

Send you joy, Nephew *Eustace*, if you studie the Law,

Keep your great pippin-pies, they'l goe far with ye.

Cha. Ide have your blessing. *Bri.* No, no, meet me no more,

Farewell, thou wilt blast mine eyes else. *Cha.* I will not.

Lew. Nor send not you for Gownes. *Ang.* Ile weare course
flannel first.

Bri. Come let's goe take some counsel. *Lew.* Tis too late.

Bri. Then stay and dine, It may be we shall vex'em.

Exeunt.

Actus

The Elder Brother.

Actus 4. Scena 1.

Enter BRISAC, EUSTACE, EGREMONT,
COWEY.

NEre talke to me, you are no men but Masquers,
Shapes, shadowes, and the signes of men, Court bubbles,
That every breath or breakes or blowes away,
You have no soules, no metal in your bloods,
No heat to stir ye when ye have occasion,
Frozen dull things that must be turn'd with leavers;
Are you the Courtiers and the travail'd Gallants?
The spritly fellowes, that the people talk of?
Ye have no more spirit three sleepy fopes.

Eust. What would ye have me doe, Sir? *Bri.* Follow your brother,

And get ye out of doores, and seek your fortune,
Stand still becalm'd, and let an aged Dotard,
A haire-brain'd puppie, and a bookeish boy,
That never knew a blade above a penknife,
And how to cut his meat in Characters,
Crosse my designe, and take thine owne Wench from thee,
In mine owne house too? Thou dispis'd poor fellow!

Eust. The reverence that I ever bare to you Sir,
Then to my Uncle, with whom't had been but sawcinesse
T'have been so rough----*Egre.* And we not seeing him
Strive in his owne cause, that was principal,
And should have led us on, thought it ill manners
To begin a quarrel here. *Bri.* You dare doe nothing.

Doe you make your care the excuse of your cowardlinesse?
Three boyes on hobbie-horses with three penny halberts,
Would beat you all. *Cow.* You must not say so. *Bri.* Yes,
And sing it too. *Cow.* You are a man of peace,

Therefore

The Elder Brother.

Therefore we must give way. *Bri.* Ile make my way;
And therefore quickly leave me, or Ile force you;
And having first torne off your flaunting feathers,
Ile trample on 'em; and if that cannot teach you
To quit my house, Ile kick ye out of my gates;
You gawdie glow-wormes carrying seeming fire,
Yet have no heat within ye. *Cor.* O blest travaile!
How much we owe thee for our power to suffer?
Egre. Some splenative youths now that had never seen
More than thy Countrie smock, will grow in choler.
It would shew fine in us. *Eust.* Yes marry would it,
That are prime Courtiers, and must know no angers,
But give thanks for our injuries; if we purpose
To hold our places. *Bri.* Will you find the doore?
And finde it suddenlie, you shall lead the way, Sir,
With your perfum'd retinew, and cover
The now lost *Angellina*, or build on it,
I will adopt some beggers doubtful issue,
Before thou shalt inherit. *Eust.* Wee'l to counsell,
And what may be done by mans wit or valour
Wee'l put in excution. *Bri.* Doe, or never
Hope I shall know thee. *Le.* O Sir, have I found you? *{ Exeunt. }*
Bri. I never hid my selfe, whence flowes this fury? *{ En. Lewis }*
With which as it appears, you come to fright me.
Lew. I smell a plot, meere conspiracy
Among ye all to defeate me of my daughter,
And if she be not suddenly delivered,
Untainted in her reputation too,
The best of France shall know how I am juggled with.
She is my heire, and if she may be raviht
Thus from my care, farewell Nobilitie;
Honour and blood are meere neglected nothings.
Bri. Nay then my Lord you go too far, and tax him
Whose innocencie understands not what feare is;
If your unconstant daughter will not dwell

The Elder Brother.

On certainties, must you thenceforth conclude
That I am fickle? What have I omitted,
To make good my integritie and truth?
Nor can her lightnesse, nor your supposition
Cast an aspersiō on me. *Lew.* I am wounded
In fact, nor can words cure it: doe not trifle,
But speedilie, once more I doe repeate it,
Restore my daughter as I brought her hither.
Or you shall heare from me in such a kinde,
As you will blush to answer. *Bri.* all the world
I think conspires to vex me, yet I will not
Torment my selfe; some spritful mirth must banish
The rage and melancholy which hath almost choak'd me,
T'a knowing man tis Physick and tis thought on,
One merry houre Ile have in spight of fortune,
To cheare my heart, and this is that appointed,
This night Ile hugge my *Lilly* in mine armes,
Provocatives are sent before to cheare me;
We old men need 'em, and though we pay deare,
For our stolne pleasures, so it be done securely;
The charge much like a sharp sawce gives'm relish.
Well honest *Andrew*, I gave you a farme,
And it shall have a beacon to give warning
To my other Tenants when the Foe approaches;
And presently, you being bestowed else where,
Ile graffe it with dexteritie on your forehead;
Indeed I will *Lilly*, I come poore *Andrew*. *Exit.*

Actus IV. Scena II.

Enter MIRAMONT, ANDREW.

Do they chafer roundly? *And.* As they were rubb'd with soap,
Sir, And now they sweare alowd, now calme again,
Like a ring of bells whose sound the wind still alters,
And then they sit in councel what to doe,

And

The Elder Brother.

*And then they jar againe what shall be done;
They talke of warrants from the Parliament,
Complaints to the King, and forces from the Province,
They have a thousand heads in a thousand minutes;
Yet nere a one head worth a head of garlick.

Mir. Long may they chafe, and long may we laugh at'em,
A couple of pure puppies yok'd together.

But what sayes the young Courtier Master *Eustace*,
And his two warlike friends? *And.* They say but little
How much they think I know not; they looke ruefully,
As if they had newly come from a vaulting house.

And had beene quite shot through 'tween winde and water
By a she Dunkirke, and had sprung a leake, Sir.

Certaine my master was too blame. *Mir.* Why *Andrew*?

And. To take away the Wench oth'sudden from him,
And give him no lawful warning, he is tender;
And of a young girles constitution, Sir,

Readie to get the Greene sickness with conceit;

Had he but tane his leave innavailing language,

Or bought an Elegie of his condolement,

That 'th world might have tane notice, he had beene

An Ass, 't had been some favour. *Mir.* Thou sayest true,

Wife *Andrew*, but these Schollars are such things

When they can prattle. *And.* Very parlous things Sir.

Mir. And when gaine the Libertie to distinguish

The difference 'twixt a father and a foole,

To looke below and spie a younger brother

Pruning up and dressing up his expectations

In a rare glasse of beauty, too good for him:

Those dreaming Schollars then turn Tyrants, *Andrew*,

And shew no mercy. *And.* The more's the pittie, Sir.

Mir. Thou told'st me of a trick to catch my brother,

And anger him a little farther, *Andrew*.

It shall be onely anger I assure thee,

And little shame. *And.* And I can fit you, Sir.

The Elder Brother.

Hark in your eare. *Mir.* Thy wife? *And.* So I assure ye;
This night at twelve a clock. *Mir.* Tis neat and handsome;
There are twentie Crownes due to thy project *Andrew*;
I've time to visit *Charles*, and see what Lecture
He reades to his Mistresse. That done, Ile not faile
To be with you. *And.* Nor I to watch my Master——*Exeunt.*

Actus IV. Scena III.

ANGELLINA, SYLVIA, with a taper.

I'me worfe than ere I was; for now I feare,
That that I love, that that I onely dote on;
He followes me through every roome I passe,
And with a strong set eye he gazes on me,
As if his spark of innocence were blowne
Into a flame of lust; Vertue defend me.
His Uncle to is absent, and 'tis night;
And what these opportunities may teach him——

What feare and endlesse care tis to be honest!
To be a maide; what miserie, what mischief!
Would I were rid of it, so it were fairlie.

Syl. You need not fear that, will you be a childe still?
He followes you, but still to looke upon you;
Or if he did desire to lie with ye,

Tis but your owne desire, you love for that end;
Ile lay my life, if he were now abed w'ye,
He is so modest, he would fall a sleepe straight.

Ang. Dare you venter that? *Syl.* Let him consent, & have at ye;
I feare him not, he knowes not what a woman is,
Nor how to find the myserie men aime at.

Are you afraid of your own shadow, Madam?

Ang. He followes still, yet with a sober face?

Would I might know the worst, and then I were satisfied.

Syl. You may both, and let him but goe with ye.

Cha. Why doe you fle me? what have I so ill

About

The Elder Brother.

About me or within me to deserve it?

Ang. I am going to bed Sir. *Cha.* And I am come to light ye;
I am a maide, and 'tis a maidens office;

Ang. You may have me to bed Sir, without a scruple,
And yet I am charie too who comes about me.

Two Innocents should not feare one another.

Syl. The Gentleman sayes true. Pluck up your heart, Madam.

Cha. The glorious Sun both rising and declining
We boldly looke upon; even then sweet Ladie,
When like a modest bride he drawes nights curtaines,
Even then he blushes, that men should behold him,

Ang. I feare he will perswade me to mistake him.

Syl. 'Tis easily done, if you will give your minde to't.

Ang. Pray ye, to your bed. *Cha.* Why not to yours, dear Mistress,
One heart and one bed. *Ang.* True Sir, when 'tis lawful:

But yet you know——*Cha.* I would not know, forget it;
Those are but sickly loves that hang on Ceremonie,
Nurst up with doubts and feares, ours high and healthful,
Full of beleefe, and fit to teach the Priest;
Love shall seale first, then hands confirme the bargaine.

Ang. I shall be an Heretique if this continue.

What would you doe a bed? you make me blush, Sir.

Cha. Ide see you sleepe, for sure your sleeps are excellent
You that are waking such a noted wonder,
Must in your slumber prove an admiration;

I would behold your dreames too, if't were possible;

Those were rich shoves. *Ang.* I am becomming Traitor.

Cha. Then like blew Neptune courting of an Iland,
Where all the perfumes and the pretious things
That wait upon great Nature are laid up,

Ide clip it in my armes, and and chastly kiss it,
Dwell in your bosome like your dearest thoughts,
And sigh and weepe. *Ang.* I've too much woman in me.

Cha. And those true teares falling on your pure Chrystals,
Should turne to armelets for great Queenes't adore.

The Elder Brother.

Ang. I must be gone. *Cha.* Do not, I will not hurt ye;
This is to let you know, my worthiest Lady,
Y^e have clear'd my mind, and I can speak of love too;
Feare not my manners, though I never knew
Before these few houres what a beautie was,
And such a one that fires all hearts that feele it;
Yet I have read of vertuous temperance,
And studied it among my other secrets,
And sooner would I force a separation
Betwixt this spirit and the case of flesh,
Than but conceive one rudeness against chastitie.

Ang. Then we may walk. *Cha.* And talk of any thing,
Any fit for your eares, and my language;
Though I was bred up dull I was ever civil;
Tis true, I have found it hard to looke on you,
And not desire; Twil prove a wise mans task;
Yet those desires I have so mingled still
And tempered with the quality of honour,
That if you should yeeld, I should hate you for't.
I am no Courtier of a light condition,
Apt to take fire at every beauntious face.
That onely serves his will and wantonness,
And lets the serious part run by

As thin neglected sand. Whitnes of name,
You must be mine; why should I robbe my selfe
Of that that lawfully must make me happy?
Why should I seeke to cuckold my delights,
And widow all those sweets I aime at in you?
We'll loofe our selves in *Venus* groves of mirtle
Where every little bird shall be a *Cupid*,
And sing of love and youth, each wind that blowes
And curles the velvet leaves shall breed delights,
The wanton springs shall call us to their bankes,
And on the perfum'd flowers wee'l feast our senses,
Yet wee'l walk by untainted of their pleasures,

And

The Elder Brother.

And as they were pure Temples wee'l talk in them.

Ang. To bed, and pray then, we may have a faire end
Of our faire loves; would I were worthy of you,
Or of such parents that might give you thankses;
But I am poor in all but in your love.

Once more, good night. *Cha.* A good night t'ye, and may
The dew of sleepe fall gently on you, sweet one,
And lock up those faire lights in pleasing slumbers;
No dreames but chaste and cleare attempt your fancie,
And break betimes sweet morne, I've lost my light else.

Ang. Let it be ever night when I lose you.

Syl. This Scholar never went to a Free-Schoole, he's so simple.

Ser. Your brother with two Gallants is at dore, Sir { *Enter a* }
And they're so violent, they'l take no denial. { *servant.* }

Ang. this is no time of night. *Cha.* Let'em in Mistresse.

Serv. They stay no leave; Shall I raise the house on'm?

Cha. Not a man, nor make no murmur of't, I charge ye

Enter EUSTACE, EGREMONT, COWSY.

Th'are here, my Uncle absent, stand close to me.

How doe you brother with your curious story?

Have you not read her yet sufficiently?

Cha. No, brother, no, I stay yet in the Preface;

The stile's too hard for you. *Eust.* I must entreat her

Shee's parcel of my goods. *Cha.* Shee's all when you have her.

Ang. Hold off your hands, unmannerly, rude Sir;

Nor I, nor what I have depend on you.

Cha. Do, let her alone, she gives good counsel; doe not

Trouble your selfe with Ladies, they are too light;

Let out your land, and get a provident Steward.

Ang. I cannot love ye, let that satisfie you;

Such vanities as you are to be laugh at.

Eust. Nay, Then you must goe, I must claime mine owne.

Both. A way, a way with her. *Cha.* Let her alone, { *She strikes off* }
Pray let her alone, and take your coxcombe up: { *Eustace's hat.* }
Let me talk civilly a while with you brother.

It

The Elder Brother.

It may be on some termes I part with her.

Engst. O; is your heart come downe? what are your termes, Sir?

Put up, put up. *Cha.* This is the first and cheifest, { *Snatches*
Let's walk a turne; now stand off fooles, I advise ye, } *away his*
Stand as far off as you would hope for mercy: } *sword,*

This is the first sword yet I ever handled,

And a sword's a beauteous thing to looke upon,

And if it hold, I shall so hunt your insolence:

Tis sharp I'm sure, and if I put it home,

Tis ten to one I shall new pink your Sattins:

I find I have spirit enough to dispose of it,

And will enough to make ye all examples;

Let me tosse it round, I have the full command on't

Fetch me a native Fencer, I defie him;

I feele the fire of ten strong spirits in me.

Doe you watch me when my Uncle is absent?

This is my greife, I shall besleht on Cowards;

Teach me to fight, I willing am to learne.

Are ye all gilded flies, nothing but shew in ye?

Why stand ye gaping? who now touches her?

Who calls her his, or who dares name her to me?

But name her as his own; who dares looke on her?

That shall be mortal too; but think, 'tis dangerous.

Art thou a fit man to inherit land,

And hast no wit nor spirit to maintaine it?

Stand still thou signe of man, and pray for thy friends,

Pray heartilie, good prayers may restore ye.

Ang. But doe not kill'em Sir. *Cha.* You speak too late, Deare,

It is my first fight and I must doe bravely,

I must not looke with partial eyes on any;

I cannot spare a button of these Gentlemen;

Did life lye in their heel *Achilles* like,

I'de shoot my anger at those parts and kill'm.

Who waits within? *Ser.* Sir. *Cha.* View all these, view'em well

Goe round about 'em and still view their faces,

Round

The Elder Brother.

Round about yet; See how death waits upon 'em,
For thou shalt never view 'em more. *Eust.* Pray hold, Sir.

Cha. I cannot hold, you stand so fair before me,
I must not hold 'twill darken all my glories.

Go to my Uncle, bid him poste to the King,
And get my pardon instantly, I have need on't.

Eust. Are you so unnatural? *Cha.* You shall die last Sir,
Ile talke thee dead, thou art no man to fight with.

Come, will ye come? methinkes I've fought whole battailes.

Cow. We have no quarel to you, that we know on, Sir.

Egre. Wee'l quit the house and ask ye mercie too:

Good Ladie, let no murther be done here;

We came but to parly. *Cha.* How my sword

Thirsts after them? stand away Sweet. *Eust.* Pray Sir,

Take my submission, and I disclaime for ever.

Cha. Away ye poore things, ye dispicable Creatures!

Doe you come poste to fetch a Ladie from me,

From a poore Schoole-boy that ye icorn'd of late

And grow lame in your hearts when you should execute?

Pray take her, take her, I am weary of her;

What did ye bring to carrie her? *Egre.* A Coach and four horses.

Cha. But are they good? *Egre.* As good as *France* can shew Sir.

Cha. Are you willing to leave those, and take your safeties?

Speak quickly. *Eust.* Yes with all our hearts. *Cha.* Tis done then.

Many have got one horse, I've got foure by th'bargaine.

Enter *Miramont.*

Mi. How Now, who's here? *Ser.* Nay Now, y'are gon without bail.

Mir. What, drawne my friends? Fetch me my two-hand sword;

I will not leave a head on your shoulders, Wretches.

Eust. In troth Sir, I came but to doe my dutie,

Both. And we to renew our loves. *Mir.* Bring me a blanket.

What came they for? *Ang.* To borrow me a while, Sir;

But one that never fought yet has so curried,

So bastinabo'd them with manly carriage,

They stand like things *Gorgon* had turn'd to stone:

H

They

The Elder Brother.

They watch'd your being absent, and then thought
They might doe wonders here, and they have done so?
For by my troth, I wonder at their coldness,
The nipping North or frost never came neere them,
St. *George* upon a Signe would grow more sensible:

If the name of honour were for ever to be lost,
These were the most sufficient men to doe it
In all the world, and yet they are but young,
What will they rise to? They're as full of fire
As a frozen Glo-wormes rattle, and shine as goodly;
Nobilitie and patience are match'd rarely
In these three Gentlemen, they have right use on't;
They'l stand still for an houre and be beaten.

These are the Anagrammes of three great Worthies.
Mir. They will infect my house with cowardize,
If they breathe longer in it; my rooffe covers
No baff'd Monsieurs, walk and aire your selves;
As I live, they stay not here, white liver'd wretches
Without one word to ask a reason why,
Vanish, 'tis the last warning, and with speed,
For if I take ye in hand I shall dissect you,
And read upon your flegmatick dull carcases.
My horse againe there: I have other business,
Which you shall heare hereafter and laugh at it.
Good night *Charles*, fair goodness to you dear *Ladie*
Tis late, 'tis late. *Ang.* Pray Sir be careful of us.

Mir. It is enough, my best care shall attend ye. *Exeunt.*

Actus IV. Scena IV.

Enter *Andrew*.

Are you come old Master? very good, your horse
Is well set up, but ere ye part, Ile ride you
And spur your reverend Justiceship such a question,
As I shall make the sides of your reputation bleed,

Truely

The Elder Brother

Truely I will. Now must I play at Bo-peep-----
A banquet-----well, Potatoes and Eringoes.
And as I take it, Cantharides,-----Excellent,
A Priapisme followes, and as Ile handle it,
It shall old lecherous Goat in authoritie.
Now they begin to bill; how he slavers her!
Cramercie Lilly, she spits his kisses out,
And now he offers to fumble she fals off,
(That's a good Wench) and cries fair play above boord
Who are they in the corner? As I live,
Acovey of Fidlers; I shall have some musick yet
At my making free oth' Companie of Horners;
There's the comfort, and a Song too! He beckons for one-----
Sure 'tis no Anthem nor no borrowed rhymes
Out of the Schoole of vertue; I will listen-----A Song.
This was never penn'd at Geneva, the note's too spritely.
So, so, the musicke's paid for, and now what followes?
O that Monsieur *Miramont* would but keep his word.
Here were a feast to make him fat with laughter,
At the most 'tis not six minutes riding from his house,
Nor will he break I hope-----O are you come Sir?
The prey is in the net and will break in
Upon occasion. *Mir.* Thou shalt rule me *Andrew.*
O th' infinite fright that will assaile this Gentleman!
The quarterns, tertians, and quotidians
That will hang like Sargeants on his worships shoulders!
The humiliation of the flesh of this man!
This grave austere man will be wondred at.
How will those solemne lookes appeare to me;
And that severe face, that speak chaines and shackles?
Now I take him in the nick, ere I done with him,
He had better have stood between two panes of wainscot
And made his recantation in the market,
Then heare me conjure him. *And.* He must passe this way,
To th' onely bed I have, he comes, stand close.

The Elder Brother.

Bri. Well done, well done, give me my night-cap. So.
Quick, quick, untruss me; I will truss and trounce thee;
Come Wench a kifs between each point; kifs close;
It is a sweet Parenthesis. *Lil.* Y'are merry Sir.
Bri. Merry I will be anon, and thou shalt feele it,
Thou shalt my *Lil.* *Lil.* Shall I aire your bed, Sir?
Bri. No, no, Ile use no warming pan but thine, Girle;
That's all; Come kifs me again. *Lil.* Ha'ye done yet?
Bri. No, but I will doe, and doe wonders, *Lilly.*
Shew me the way. *Lil.* You cannot misse it, Sir;
You shall have a Cawdle in the morning, for
Your worships breakfast. *Bri.* How, ith' morning. *Lilly?*
Th'art such a wittie thing to draw me on.
Leave fooling, *Lilly*, I am hungry now,
And th'hast another Kieksaw, I must tast it.
Lil. Twill make you surfet, I am tender of you:
Y'have all y'arelike to have. *And.* And can this be earnest?
Mir. it seemes so, and she honest. *Bri.* Have I not
Thy promise *Lilly?* *Lil.* Yes and I have performed
Enough to a man of your yeares, this is truth,
And you shall find Sir, you have kist and cows'd me,
Handled my legg and foote, what would you more, Sir,
As for the rest, it requires youth and strength,
And the labour in an old man would breed Agues,
Sciaticaes, and Cramps; you shall not curse me,
For taking from you what you cannot spare, Sir,
Be good unto your selfe, y'ave tane already
All you can take with ease; you are past threshing,
It is a worke too boisterous for you; leave
Such drudgerie to *Andrew.* *Mir.* How she jeeres him?
Lil. Let *Andrew* alone with his owne tillage,
Hee's tough, and can manure it. *Bri.* Y'are a queane,
A scoffing jeering quean. *Lil.* It may be so, but
I'me sure, Ile nere be yours. *Bri.* Doe not provoke me,
If thou do'st, Ile have my Farm againe, and turne

Thee

The Elder Brother.

Thee out a begging. *Lil.* Though you have the will,
And want of honettie to deny your Deed, Sir,
Yet I hope *Andrew* has got so much learning
From my young Master, as to keep his own;
At the worst, let tell a short tale to the Judges,
For what grave ends you sign'd your Lease, and on
What termes you would revoke it. *Bri.* Whore thou dar'st not.
Yeeld or Ile have thee whipt; How my bloud boiles,
As if t'were ore a furnace! *Mir.* I shall coole it.
Bri. Yet gentle *Lilly*, pittie and forgive me,
Ile be a friend t'ye, such a loving bountifull friend—
Lil. To avoid suites in Law, I would grant a little,
But should fierce *Andrew* know it, what would become
Of me? *And.* A whore, a whore! *Bri.* Nothing but well Weuch,
I will put such a strong bit in his mouth,
As thou shalt ride him how thou wilt, my *Lilly*:
nay, he shall hold the doore, as I will worke him,
And thank thee for the Office. *Mir.* Take heed *Andrew*,
These are shrewd temptations. *And.* Pray you know
Your Cue, and second me Sir; By your Worships favour.
Bri. *Andrew*! *And.* I come in time to take possession
Of th'office you assigne me; hold the doore,
Alas 'tis nothing for a simple man
To stay without when a deepe understanding
Holds conference within, say with his wife:
A trifle Sir, I know I hold my farme
In Cuckolds Tenure: you are Lord o'the soile Sir,
Lilly is a Weft, a Straie, shee's yours, to use Sir,
I claime no interest in her. *Bri.* Art thou serious?
Speak honest *Andrew*, since thou hast oreheard us,
And wink at small faults, man; I'me but a pidler,
A little will serve my turne; thou'lt finde enough
When I've my belly full; wilt thou be private
And silent? *And.* By all meanes, Ile onely have
A Ballad made of't, sung to some lewd Tune;

The Elder Brother.

And the name of it shall be Justice Trap,
It will sell rarely with your worships name,
And Lillies on the top. *Bri.* Seek not the ruine
O' my reputation, *Andrew.* And. 'Tis for your credit,
Monsieur *Brisac* printed in capital letters,
Then pasted upon all the posts in *Paris*.
Bri. No mercy, *Andrew?* *And.* O, it will proclaim you
From th' *Citie* to the Court, and prove sport royal.
Bri. Thou shalt keep thy Farm. *Mir.* He does afflict him rarely.
And. You trouble me. Then his intent arriving,
The vizard of his hypocritie poll'd off
To the Judge criminal. *Bri.* O, I am undone.
And. Hee's put out of Commillion with disgrace,
And held incapable of bearing Office
Ever hereafter. This is my revenge,
And this Ile put in practice. *Bri.* Doe but heare me.
And. To bring me back from my Grammer to my horne-book,
It is unpardonable. *Bri.* Do not play the Tyrant;
Except of composition. *Lil.* Heare him, *Andrew.*
And. What composition? *Bri.* Ile confirme thy farme,
And add unto it an hundred acres more
Adjoyning to it. *And.* Umb, This mollifies,
But y'are so fickle: and will againe denie this,
There being no witness by. *Bri.* Call any witness,
Ile presently assure it. *And.* Say you so,
Troth there's a friend of mine Sir, within hearing,
That is familiar with all that's past,
His testimonie will be authentical.
Bri. will he be secret? *And.* You may tye his tongue up.
As you would doe y^e in purse-strings. *Bri.* *Mir.* *amont.* M. Ha, Ha, Ha,
And. this is my witness. Lord how you are troubled?
Sure, y'have aague, you shake so with choler;
Hee's your loving Brother Sir, and will tell no bodie
But all he meets, that you have eate a snake,
And are grown young, gamefom, and rampant. *Bri.* Caught thus?
And. If

The Elder Brother.

And. If he were one that would make jests of you,
Or plague ye with making your religious gravitie
Ridiculous to your neighbours, Then you had
Some cause to be perplex'd. *Bri.* I shall become
Discourse for Clowns and Tapsters. *And.* Quick, Lilly, Quick,
Hee's now past kissing, between point and point.

He's wounds, fetch him some Cordiall. — Now put in Sir.

Mir. Who may this be? sure this is some mistake:

Let me see his face, weares he not a false beard?

It cannot be *Brisac* that worthie Gentleman,

The pillar and the patron of his Countrie;

He is too brudent and too cautelous,

Experience hath taught him to avoid these fooleries,

He is the punisher and not the doer,

Besides hee's old and cold unfit for woman;

This is some Counterfit, he shall be whipt for't,

Some base abuser of my worthie brother.

Bri. Open the doores, will ye'imprison me? are ye my Judges?

Mir. The man raves! This is not judicious. *Brisac*!

Yet now I think on't, a'has a kinde of dog-looke

Like my brother, a guiltie hanging face.

Bri. Ile suffer bravely, doe your worst, doe, doe.

Mir. Why, it's mainly in you. *Bri.* Nor will I raile nor curse,

You slave, you whore, I will not meddle with you,

But all the torments that ere fell on men,

That fed on mischeife, fall heavily on you all. *Exit.*

Lil. You have giv'n him a heat, Sir. *Mir.* He will ride you

The better, *Lil.* *And.* Wee'l teach him to meddle with Scholars.

Mir. he shall make good his promise & increase thy Farm, *Androm.*

Or Ile jee.e him to death, feare nothing Lilly,

I am thy Champion. This yeast goes to *Charles*,

And then Ile hunt him out, and Monsieur *Enstace*

The gallant Courtier, and laugh heartily

To see'm mourne together. *And.* Twill be rare, Sir. *Exeunt.*

Actus.

The Elder Brother.

Actus 5. Scena I.

Eustace, Egremont, Cowsy.

Turn'd out of doores and baffled! *Egre.* We share with you
In the affront. *Cow.* Yet beare it not like you
With such dejection. *Eust.* My Coach and horses made
The ranfome of our cowardize. *Lew. Cow.* Pish, that's nothing,
Tis *Damnium reparable*, and soone recover'd.
Egre. It is but feeding a suitor with false hopes,
And after squeeze him with a dozen of oathes.
You are new rigg'd, and this no more remembred.
Eust. And does the Court that should be the example
And Oracle of the Kingdome, read to us
No other doctrine! *Egre.* None that thrives so well
As that, within my knowledge. *Cow.* Flatterie rubbes out,
But since great men learne to admire themselves,
Tis something crest-falne. *Egre.* To be of no Religion,
Argues a subtle moral understanding,
And it is often cherisht. *Eust.* Pietie then,
And valour, nor to doe nor suffer wrong,
Are they no vertues? *Egre.* Rather vices, *Eustace*;
Fighting! What's fighting? It may be in fashion,
Among Provant swords, and buffe-jerkin men:
But w^e us that swim in choise of filkes and Tissues;
Though in defence of that word reputation,
Which is indeed a kind of glorious nothing,
To lose a dram of blood must needs appeare
As coarse as to be honest. *Eust.* and all this
You seriously beleeve. *Cow.* It is a faith,
That we will die in, since from the black guard
To the grim Sir in office, there are few
Hold other Tenets. *Eust.* Now my eyes are open,

And

The Elder Brother.

And I behold a strong necessity
That keepes me knave and coward. *Com.* Y^e are the wiser.
Eust. Nor can I change my copy, if I purpose
To be of your society. *Egre.* By no meanes.
Eust. Honour is nothing with you? *Com.* A meere bubble,
For what's growne common, is no more regarded.
Eust. My sword forc'd from me too, and still detain'd,
You think's no blemish. *Egre.* Get me a battoone?
Tis twenty times more court like, and less trouble.
Eust. And yet you weare a sword, *Com.* Yes, and a good one,
A Millan hilt, and a Damasco blade,
For ornament, no use the Court allowes it.
Eust. Will't not fight of it selfe? *Com.* I nere tri'd this,
Yet I have worne as faire as any man,
I'me sure I've made my Cutler rich, and paid
For severall weapons, Turkish and Toledo's,
Two thousand Crownes, and yet could never light
Upon a fighting one. *Eust.* Ile borrow this,
I like it well. *Com.* Tis at your service Sir,
A lath in a velvet scabbard will serve my turne.
Eust. And now I have it leave me; y^e are infectious,
The plague and leprosie of your baseness spreading
On all that doe come neer you; such as you
Render the Throne of Majesty, the Court
Suspected and contemptible, you are Scarabee's
That batten in her dung, and have no pallats
To taste her curious viands, and like Owles
Can onely see her night deformities,
But with the glorious splendor of her beauties
You are struck blinde as Moles, that undermine
The sumptuous building that allow'd you shelter,
You stick like running ulcers on her face,
And taint the pureness of her native candor,
And being bad servants, cause your masters goodness
To be disputed of; you make the Court

The Elder Brother.

That is the abstract of all Academies,
To teach and practice noble undertakings,
(Where courage sits triumphant crown'd with Lawrel,
And wisdom loaded with the weight of honour)
A Schoole of vices. *Egre.* What sudden rapture's this?
Enst. A heavenly one that raising me from sloth and ignorance,
(In which your conversation long hath charm'd me)
Carries me up into the aire of action,
And knowledge of my selfe; even now I feele
But pleading onely in the Courts defence,
(Though far short of her merits and bright lustre)
A happy alteration, and full strength
To stand her Champion against all the world,
That throw aspersions on her. *Com.* Sure hee'l beat us,
I see it in his eyes. *Egre.* A second *Charles*;
Pray look not Sir so furiously. *Enst.* Recant
What you have said, ye Mungrils, and lick up
The vomit you have cast upon the Court,
Where you unworthily have had warmth and breeding,
And sweare that you like Spiders, have made poyson
Of that which was a saving antidote.
Egre. We will sweare any thing. *Com.* We honour the Court
As a most sacred place. *Egre.* And will make oath,
If you enjoyne us to't, nor knave nor fool,
Nor coward living in it. *Enst.* Except you two,
You Rascals! *Com.* Yes, we are all these, and more,
If you will have it so. *Enst.* And that until
You are againe reform'd and growne new men,
You nere presume to name the Court, or presse
Into the Porters Lodge but for a penance,
To be disciplin'd for your roguery, and this done
With true contrition. *Both.* Yes Sir. *Enst.* You againe
May eat scraps and be thankful. *Com.* Here's a cold breakfast
After a sharpe nights walking. *Enst.* Keepe your oathes,
And without grumbling vanish. *Both.* We are gon, Sir. *Exeunt.*
Enst. May

The Elder Brother.

Eust. May all the pooreness of my spirit goe with you,
The fetters of my thraldome are filed off:
And I at libertie to right my selfe,
And though my hope in *Angellina's* little,
My honour (unto which compar'd thee's nothing)
Shall like the Sun disperse those lowring Clouds
That yet obscure and dimme it; not the name
Of brother shall divert me, but from him,
That in the worlds opinion ruin'd me,
I will seek reparation, and call him
Unto a strict accompt. Ha! 'tis neere day,
And if the Muses friend rose-cheek'd *Aurora*,
Invite him to this solitary grove,
As I much hope she will, he feldome missing
To pay his vowes here to her, I shall hazard
To hinder his devotions——The doore opens——*Enter Charles*,
Tis he most certain, and by's side my sword,
Blest opportunity. *Cha.* I have overslept my selfe,
And lost part of the morne, but Ile recover it:
Before I went to bed, I wrote some notes
Within my table-book, which I will now consider.
Ha! What meanes this? What do I with a sword?
Learn'd *Mercurie* needs not th'aide of *Mars*, and innocence
Is to it selfe a guard, yet since armes ever
Protect arts, I may justly weare and use it;
For since 'twas made my prize, I know not how
I'me growne in love with't, and cannot eate nor study,
And much lesse walke without it: but I trifle,
Matters of more weight ask my judgement. *Eust.* Now Sir,
Treate of no other Theme, Ile keep you to it,
And see y'expound it well. *Cha.* *Eustace!* *Eust.* The same Sir,
Your younger brother, who as duty bindes him,
Hath all this night (turn'd out of doore) attended,
To bid good morrow t'ye. *Cha.* This not in scorne,
-Commands me to returne it; Would you ought else?

The Elder Brother.

Eust. O much, Sir, here I end not, but begin;
I must speak to you in another straine,
Than yet I ever us'd, and if the language
Appeare in the delivery rough and harsh,
You (being my Tutor) must condemne your selfe,
From whom I learn'd it. *Cha.* When I understand
(Bee't in what stile you please) what's your demand,
I shall nedeavour in the self same phrase
To make an answer to the point. *Eust.* I come not
To lay claime to your birthright, 'tis your owne,
And 'tis fit you enjoy it, nor ask I from you
Your learning and deepe knowledge; (though I am not
A Schollar as you are) I know them Diamonds
By your sole industry, patience and labour
Forc'd from steepe rocks, and with much toile attended,
And but to few that prize their value granted,
And therefore without rival freely weare them,
Cha. These not repin'd at (as you seeme t'informe me)
The motion must be of a strange condition,
If I refuse to yeeld to't; therefore *Eustace*,
Without this tempest in your looks propound it,
And feare not a denial. *Eust.* I require then,
(As from an enemy, and not a brother)
The reputation of a man the honour,
Not by a faire war wonne when I was waking,
But in my sleep of folly ravish'd from me;
With these, the restitution of my sword,
With large acknowledgement of satisfaction,
My Coach, my Horses; I will part with life,
Ere lose one haire of them, and what concludes all,
My Mistresse *Angellina*, as she was
Before the Mulical Magick of thy tongue
Inchanted and seduc'd her. These perform'd,
And with submission, and done publicuely,
At my fathers and my Uncles intercession,

(That

The Elder Brother.

(That I put in too) I perhaps may listen
To termes of reconcilment; but if these
In every circumstance are not subscrib'd to,
To th'last gasp I defie thee. *Cha.* These are strict
Conditions to a brother. *Eust.* My rest is up,
Nor will I give less. *Cha.* I'me no Gamester, *Eustace,*
Yet I can guesse your resolution stands
To win or loose all; I rejoyce to find ye
Thus tender of your honour, and that at length
You understand what a wretched thing you were,
How deeply wounded by your selfe, and made
Almost incurable, in your owne hopes,
The dead flesh of pale cowardise growing over
Your festred reputation, which no balme
Or gentle unguent ever could make way to,
And I am happy, that I was the Surgeon
That did apply those burning corrosives
That render you already sensible
O th'danger you were plung'd in, in teaching you,
And by a faire gradation, how far,
And with what curious respect and care
The peace and credit of a man within,
(Which you nere thought till now) should be prefer'd
Before a gawdy outside; pray you fix here,
For so far I go with you. *Eust.* This discourse
Is from the subject. *Cha.* Ile come to it brother,
But if you think to build upon my ruines,
You'l find a false foundation your high offers.
Taught by the Masters of dependancies,
That by compounding differences 'tween others
Supply their owne necessities, with me
Will never carry't; As you are my brother,
I would dispence a little, but no more
Than honour can give way to; nor must I
Destroy that in my selfe I love in you;

The Elder Brother.

And therefore let not hopes nor threats perswade you
I will descend to any composition
For which I may be censur'd. *Eust.* You shall fight then.
Cha. With much unwillingness with you, but if
There's no evasion——— *Eust.* None. *Cha.* Heare yet a word,
As for the sword and other fripperies,
In a faire way send for them, you shall have 'em.
But rather than surrender *Angellina*,
Or heare it againe mention'd, I oppose
My breast unto lowd thunder, cast behind me
All ties of Nature. *Eust.* She detain'd, I'me deafe
To all perswasion. *Cha.* Guard thy selfe then *Eustace*,
I use no other Rhetorick. *Mir.* Clashing of swords { Enter
So neer my House? brother oppo'sd to brother! { *Miram.* }
Here is no fencing at halfe sword; hold, hold,
Charles, Eustace. *Eust.* Second him, or call in more help.
Come not between us, He not know nor spare you;
D'ye fight by th'book? *Cha.* 'Tis you that wrong me, off Sir,
And suddenly, He conjure down the Spirit
That I have raised in him. *Eust.* Never, *Charles*,
Tis thine, and in thy death, be doubled in me.
Mir. I'me out of breath, yet trust not too much to't boyes,
For if you pause not suddenly, and heare reason,
Doe, kill your Uncle, doe, but that I'me patient,
And not a cholerick old teasty foole,
Like your Father, Ide daunce a matachin with you,
Should make you sweat your best blood for't; I would,
And it may be I will, *Charles* I command thee,
And *Eustace* I entreat thee, th'art a brave Spark,
A true tough-metal'd blade, and I begin
To love thee heartily, give me a fighting Courtier,
He cherish him for example; in our age
Th'are not born every day. *Cha.* You of late Sir,
In me lov'd learning. *Mir.* True, but take me w'ye, *Charles*,
'Twas when young *Eustace* wore his heart in's breeches,

And

The Elder Brother.

And fought his battailes in Complements and Cringes,
When's understanding wav'd in a flaunting feather,
And his best contemplation look'd no further
Than a new-fashion'd doublet, I confesse then
The lofty noise your Greek made onely pleas'd me;
But now hee's turn'd an *Oliver* and a *Rowland*,
Nay thew hole dozen of peeres are bound up in him:
Let me remember, when I was of his yeeres,
I did looke very like him; and did you see
My picture as I was then, you would sweare
That gallant *Enstace* (I meane, now he dares fight)
Was the true substance and the perfect figure.
Nay, nay, no anger, you shall have enough *Charles*.
Cha. Sure Sir, I shall not need addition from him.
Enst. Nor I from any, this shall decide my interest,
Though I am lost to all deserving men,
To all that men call good, for suffering tamely
Insufferable wrongs, and justly slighted
By yeelding to a minute of delay
In my revenge, and from that make a stranger
Unto my fathers house and favour, orewhelm'd
With all disgraces; yet I will mount upward,
And force my selfe a fortune, though my birth
And breeding doe deny it. *Cha.* Seek not *Enstace*,
By violence, what will be offerd to you
On easier composition; though I was not
Allied unto your weakness, you shall find me
A brother to your bravery of spirit,
And one that not compell'd to't by your sword,
(Which I must never feare) will share with you
In all but *Angellina*. *Mir.* Nobly said *Charles*,
And learne from my experience, you may heare reason
And never maim your fighting; for your credit
Which you think you have lost, spare, *Charles*, and swinge me,
And soundly; three or foure walking velvet cloakes

That

The Elder Brother.

That weare no swords to guard 'em, yet deserve it,
Thou art made up againe. *Eust.* All this is lip-salve.

Mir. It shall be Hearts-ease, *Eustace*, ere I've done;

As for thy fathers anger, now thou dar'st fight,
Nere feare't, for I've the dowcets of his gravity

Fast in a string, I will so pinch and wring him,

That spight of his authority, thou shalt make

Thine own conditions with him. *Eust.* Ile take leave

A little to consider. *Cha.* Here comes *Andrew*.

Mir. But without his Comical and learned face;

What sad disaster, *Andrew*? *And.* you may read Sir,

A Tragedy in my face. *Mir.* Art thou in earnest?

And. Yes, by my life Sir, and if now you help not,

And speedily by force or by perswasion,

My good old Master (for now I pittie him) is

Ruin'd for ever. *Cha.* Ha, my father! *And.* He Sir.

Mir. By what meanes? speake. *And.* At the suit of Monsieur
Lewis

His house is seiz'd upon, and he in person

Is under guard, (I saw it with these eyes Sir)

To be convey'd to *Paris*, and there sentenc'd.

Mir. Nay, then there is no jesting. *Cha.* Doe I live,

And know my father injur'd? *And.* And what's worse Sir,

My Lady *Angellina*——*Eust.* What of her?

And. Shee's carryed away too. *Mi.* How? *And.* While you were
absent.

A crew of Monsieur *Lewis* friends and kinsmen

By force break in at th'back part of the house,

And took her away by violence; faithful *Andrew*,

(As this can witness for him) did his best,

In her defence, but 'twould not doe. *Mir.* Away,

And see our horses saddled, 'tis no time

To talke, but doe: *Eustace*, you now are offer'd

A spacious field, and in a pious war

To exercise your valour, here's a cause,

And

The Elder Brother.

And such a one, in which to fall is honourable,
Your duty and reverence due to a fathers name
Commanding it; but these unnatural jarres
Arising between brothers (should you prosper)
Would shame your victorie. *Eust.* I would doe much Sir,
But still my reputation! *Mir.* Charles shall give you
All decent satisfaction; nay joyne hands,
And heartily; why this is done like brothers;
And old as I am, in this cause that concerns
The honour of our family, Monsieur *Lewis*
(If reason cannot work) shall find and feele
There's hot blood in this arme, Ile lead you bravely.
Eust. And if I follow not, a cowards name
Be branded on my forehead. *Ch.* This Spirit makes you
A sharer in my fortunes. *Mir.* And in mine,
Of which (*Brisac* once freed, and *Angellina*
Again in our possession) you shall know
My heart speakes in my tongue. *Eust.* I dare not doubt it Sir.

Exeunt.

Actus V. Scena II.

Enter *Lewis*, *Brisac*, *Angellina*, *Sylvia*,
Officers.

Lew. I'me deafe to all perswasions. *Bri.* I use none,
Nor doubt I, though a while my innocence suffers,
But when the King shall understand how false
Your malice hath inform'd him, he in justice
Must set me right againe. *Ang.* Sir, let not passion
So farre transport you as to think in reason,
This violent course repaires, but ruines it;
That honour you would build up, you destroy;
What you would seeme to nourish, if respect
Of my preferment or my patern
May challenge your paternal love and care,
Why doe you, now good fortune has provided

K

A

The Elder Brother.

A better husband for me than your hopes
Could ever fancy, strive to rob me of him?
In what is my Lord *Charles* defective Sir?
Unless deep learning be a blemish in him,
Or well proportion'd limbs be mulcts in Nature,
Or what you onely aim'd at, large renewes
Are on the sudden growne distastful to you,
Of what can you accuse him? *Lew.* Of a rape
Done to honour, which thy ravenous lust
Made thee consent to. *Syl.* Her lust! you are her father.
Lew. And you her Bawd. *Syl.* Were you ten Lords, tis false,
The pureness of her chaste thoughts entertains not
Such spotted instruments. *Ang.* As I have a soule Sir.
Lew. I am not to be alter'd; to sit downe
With this disgrace, would argue me a Peasant,
And not born noble: all rigour that the Law
And that encrease of power by favour yeelds,
Shall be with all severity inflicted;
You have the Kings hand for't no Bayle will serve,
And therefore at your perils Officers, away with em.
Bri. This is madness. *Lew.* Tell me so in open Court,
And there Ile answer you. *Mir.* Well overtaken; { Enter *Mir.*
Cha. Ill if they dare resist. *Eust.* He that advances { *Char.* *Eust.*
Bnt one step forward dies. *L.* Shew the Kings { *Andrew.*
Writ. *Mir.* Shew your discretion, 'twill become you better.
Cha. Y'ar once more in my power; and if againe
I part with you, let me for ever lose thee.
Eust. Force will not do't nor threats; accept this service
From your despair'd of *Eustace.* *And.* And beware
Your reverend Worship never more attempt
To search my *Lilly-pot*, you see what followes.
Lew. Is the Kings power contemn'd? *Mir.* No, but the torrent
O' your wilful folly stopp'd. And for you, good Sir,
If you would but be sensible, what can you wish
But the satisfaction of an obstinate Will.

That

The Elder Brother.

That is not indear'd to you ? rather than
Be cross'd in what you purpos'd, you'l undoe
Your daughters fame, the credit of your judgement,
And your old foolish neighbour ; make your states,
And in a suite not worth a Cardecue,
A prey to advocates, and their buckram Scribes,
And after they have plum'd ye, returne home
Like a couple of naked Fowles without a feather.
Cha. This is a most strong truth Sir. *Mir.* No, no, Monsieur,
Let us be right Frenchmen, violent to charge,
But when our follies are repell'd by reason,
Tis fit that we retreat and nere come on more:
Observe my learned *Charles*, hee'l get thee a Nephew
On *Angellina* shall dispute in her belly,
And suck the Nurse by Logick : and here's *Eustace*,
He was an asse, but now is grown an *Amadis* ;
Nor shall he want a Wife, if all my land
For a joynture can effect it : Y're a good Lord,
And of a gentle nature, in your looks
I see a kind consent, and it shewes lovely :
And doe you heare old Foole ? but Ile not chide,
Hereafter like me, ever doate on learning,
The meer beliefe is excellent, 'twill save you ;
And next love valour, though you dare not fight
Your selfe, or fright a foolish Officer, young *Eustace*
Can doe it to a haire. And to conclude,
Let *Andrew's* Farm b'increas'd, that is your penance,
You know for what, and see you rut no more,
You understand me, So embrace on all sides ;
Ile pay those Billmen, and make large amends ;
Provided we preserve you still our friends.-----*Exeunt.*



Epilogue.

Tis not the hands, or smiles, or common way
Of approbation to a well lik'd Play,
We onely hope; But that you freely would
To the Authour's memory, so far unfold,
And shew your loves and liking to his wit,
Not in your praise, but often seeing it;
That being the grand assurance that can give
The Poet and the Player means to live.

FINIS.

